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A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 15 :1900

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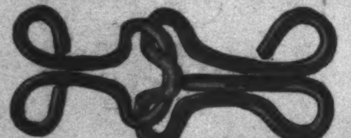

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
Sept. 15 1900

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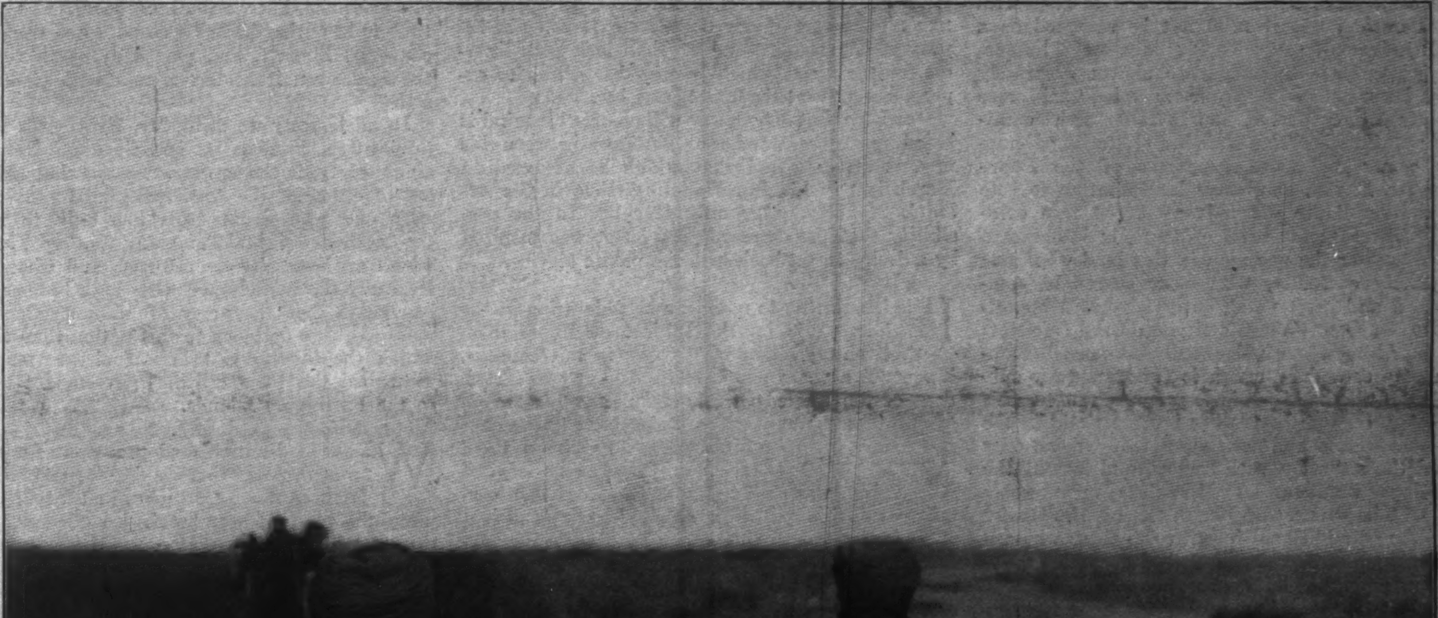

A GUN OF THE BRITISH ROYAL ASIATIC ARTILLERY.

THE SOLDIERS OF THIS REGIMENT ARE PATHANS, RECRUITED IN HINDUSTAN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900

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Mr. Olney's Letter

MR. RICHARD OLNEY, of Massachusetts, is a gentleman for whom we have the highest respect. We have regarded his as one of the truly large minds of the country, and any utterance which may come from his lips is entitled to respectful consideration, but it need not be accepted as a final judgment. Mr. OLNEY is merely human, and while his conclusions are almost invariably sane, he is quite as prone to occasional error as any other person not gifted with omniscience. So when this stanch and sterling Democrat comes out as a supporter of the Populistic Mr. BRYAN, announces his intention to vote for the candidate who advocates the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; indicates a preference for the one man in this land who most completely embodies, who most thoroughly emphasizes, and most persistently advocates opposition to Mr. OLNEY'S own attitude toward free riot; makes of himself an undoubtedly influential champion of a candidacy which is fundamentally subversive of all the high ideals for which he himself has stood, because he too has become timid in the face of a wicked and fictitious issue—we can only regard the situation with sorrow, and lament the pernicious influence of Bryanism upon noble minds. The support of Mr. BRYAN by Mr. OLNEY should be an additional incentive to those who are fighting against Bryanism. It is bad enough when Mr. BRYAN makes his appeal to ignorance; it is worse when he affects the merely intelligent; when he has succeeded in befogging a great mind with his false doctrines, that is the time when he becomes the greatest menace to the commonwealth. We are confronted with this supreme and wholly unexpected situation to-day. When in the face of his reiterated championship of every dangerous political heresy that has shown itself on the surface since the civil war Mr. BRYAN is able to secure the support of a man like RICHARD OLNEY for a valid or invalid reason, it is no time for any voter having national honor, respect for the authority of the law, a truly patriotic love for his country, to sit idle. Every coat must come off, and a fight as if to the death must be fought. The fact that Mr. OLNEY inspired the first serious warlike note sounded in this country since 1861, in the Venezuela message of Mr. CLEVELAND, is unimportant. There is no use in dilating on the fact that Mr. OLNEY was once ready in a high official capacity to involve this country in a conflict with a first-class power when we were without means of defence or of aggression, and must have suffered untold misery because of the possible results of his attitude. What Mr. OLNEY did in December, 1895, he did as a matter of conviction and principle, just as he is now speaking from conviction and principle. The point is that Bryanitis has seized upon one of the most stalwart of our citizens, and has laid him low. The point is that in five years the comedian of 1896 who made us laugh has become the tragedian who awaits the supreme moment of the drama to accomplish his fell purpose, and whose success, if he is successful, will be due to his subtle cunning rather than to any large-minded statesmanship which he can be shown to have developed during the period of his political sequestration. The point is that one of the most astute lawyers of this country has been won over to the cause of anarchy—masked perhaps, but anarchy none the less, and under ordinary circumstances quite as obvious to the mind of Mr. RICHARD OLNEY as on that day, some six years ago, when with a remarkable show of courage he blessed this country by his advice to the then President of the United States, which resulted in the immediate suppression of riot in the streets of Chicago.

Has Mr. OLNEY forgotten Mr. JOHN P. ALTGELD and the days when through his influence, or rather his neglect of duty, Federal interference in maintaining the supremacy of the law became the obvious and perilous duty which was courageously performed by the Executive? Has Mr. OLNEY forgotten the days when the President of the United States leaned upon his shoulder as upon the shoulders of a strong man in opposition to the forces of repudiation, to-day not only represented by but reincarnated in the person of Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN? Has Mr. OLNEY forgotten the ideals of the Democratic party? Apparently he has forgotten these things, but we hope temporarily only. His letter, after all, was written to a private individual. Perhaps it was not intended for publication, and was designed to express merely his views at the moment of writing. In a Presidential contest August is a hard month for the man of conscience who is sincerely anxious but unable to make up his mind as to the proper course of action. Even Mr. OLNEY'S chief, Mr. CLEVELAND, has confessed himself utterly at sea as to his duty in the present emergency. It is not until October that an open mind is able to express itself definitely. We shall therefore take Mr. OLNEY'S letter as a merely tentative expression of his present impressions, and we shall look with interest for the views which he may be willing to express along about the 31st of October.

Our hope that Mr. OLNEY will change his mind is based upon the wonderful variance between his present attitude and that which he assumed in March last in his Imperialistic article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Our only fear lies in the possibility that the extraordinary letter was inspired by a desire to get back into the public service.

Past and Present

IT is interesting to note in a consideration of the curious panic on the subject of Imperialism that the cry is not wholly new in this country. Twenty-five years ago General GRANT was President of the United States, completing his second term. There was then a respectable movement in favor of giving him a third term. Immediately the cry of Imperialism was raised, and it had in it then certain reasonable qualities, which the cry is devoid of to-day. General GRANT had rendered a remarkable service to his country. His genius was essentially military. As a soldier he was a noble figure, and his achievements were distinguished. It was a time of corrupt influences, and it was also a time of remarkable enthusiasms. A more dominating figure than that of the President could not be found among the American people. If the time was ever ready in a republic for the man on horseback, that was the time. The hour and the man were present. The hour was ripe, and the man was the chief magistrate of the nation, who stood ready to continue his service. The sentiment in favor of a third term for General GRANT was so strong that his followers, after suffering defeat in 1876, appeared at the later convention of 1880, organizing themselves into what became known as an Old Guard, made up of accredited delegates ready to die in behalf of his candidacy, and equally unready to surrender. If we remember rightly, 306 of these men voted steadfastly from the beginning to the end of the convention of 1880, which subsequently nominated General GARFIELD; and when they failed to secure the renomination of the man on horseback, each was rewarded with a bronze medal commemorative of his loyalty to his chief.

We do not to-day believe that General GRANT had the slightest ambition to become king, first consul, emperor, or anything but President of the United States. But considering his remarkable hold upon the people, considering the service he had rendered to the nation, considering his grim determination and his soldierly nature, we cannot blame those who in the years 1874 and 1875 and four years later raised the cry of Imperialism.

Mr. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, the leading Anti-Imperialist of to-day, was a member of this man's political family, a member of his cabinet, his Secretary of the Treasury. We should like to have pointed out to us any public utterance of Mr. BOUTWELL'S between 1869 and 1880 on the subject of Anti-Imperialism.

The Third Ticket

THE long-threatened third ticket is at last in the field, and a very excellent and peaceful one it is. Senator CAFFERY is an estimable gentleman, who has served in high public office for a number of years to the satisfaction of himself and his friends, if not always to that of his party associates. His running mate, Mr. ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE, is a person of equal character, whose public service has been confined to a term in the Common Council at Cambridge. Both candidates are Democrats, and both have led lives of unusual activity, and fully deserve the undisturbed rest which their candidacy on the National ticket places within their reach. We congratulate them upon having escaped the toil and worries of this unwontedly vexatious campaign. They at least are free from anxiety as to the outcome of their candidacy.

At this writing it is not altogether certain that, as the Nationalists are practically bolters from the Liberty convention, there will not be a similar diversion from the Nationalists' ranks. One of the sixty-odd delegates, a Mr. TICHENOR of Binghamton, manifested a tendency to view with alarm the "slavery of voters" in this State—referring to bossism in the Republican party, as he explained. According to his way of thinking, this is a graver menace to the republic than the presence of our army in the Philippines. Mr. TICHENOR was promptly sat upon by the convention, and his suggested amendment was treated with contempt. Just how he feels about the treatment accorded him we are not informed, but we shall not be surprised at any time to hear that he has secured a hall somewhere, convened himself, and placed a fourth ticket in the field, even if he has to take both places himself.

In all honesty we think Mr. TICHENOR'S general proposition, barring its specific application to a single party, is the sanest utterance that has come out of either of the Anti-Imperialist conventions. Any one who doubts this has only to inspect the methods of the Tammany Voting Trust, to which we have already referred, and whose practical ally the Anti-Imperialists have become, to be convinced that the army of RICHARD CROKER is more likely to do harm to this nation than the one which the inevitable trend of circumstance has compelled the United States government to send to the Philippine Islands.

Untimely Silence

WE have distinguished precedent for saying that in peace there is nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility, but when the blast of war breaks on our ears something radically different is expected of all properly constituted individuals. Usually this nation rejoices in a condition of peace, but, thanks to certain wise provisions of the law, every four years a civil war breaks out over the question of who shall be the President of the United States. Blood is summoned up, sinews are stiffened, and the action of the tiger is emulated. Fellow-citizens array themselves on one side or the other, and pelt each other with epithet, argument, or glittering generalities, each according to his mental equipment. A real war is on, and the fighting is fast and furious. Men must declare themselves, and leaders are required to plunge into the fray tooth and nail, wholly and without equivocation.

Wherefore when the New York *Herald* asks Mr. BRYAN a direct question of deep import to every citizen of this republic, we truly think that the sage of Lincoln should answer it. The champion of the principle of 16 to 1, considering the position he occupies before the public, when asked whether, if elected President, he will make payment in silver on government bonds that on their face call for "coin," can find no justification for refusing to commit himself.

We respectfully suggest to Mr. BRYAN that this is no time for modesty or humility on the subject of the paramount issue if he wishes to stand well with his followers, or is desirous of having his adversary continue to concede his political courage. Of course it was not polite of the *Herald* to ask so embarrassing a question, but the commander-in-chief of Populism, like any other leader in contests of large moment, must not expect to have his pathway to power strewn with roses. Furthermore, seventy million people are looking for Mr. BRYAN'S answer, which, however they may stand on the issue, they are anxious to hear. It is far less impolite of the *Herald* to seek the information it desires than for the candidate to keep so many people waiting so many days for his inspiring views on the subject.

THE PLEA OF THE IMPRACTICABLES

THE Anti-Imperialists who met at Indianapolis in a Liberty Congress constituted a conspicuously representative body. The list of those who spoke and those who sent letters to be read at the meeting included practically every man of prominence in the country who, outside of party lines, accepts the Kansas City platform declaration on the subject of Imperialism—every man of prominence who, after bolting Bryan in 1896, proposes to support him upon this spook issue in 1900, at cost of yielding all of right and principle that they fought for four years ago.

If anybody knows what "Anti-Imperialism" means these gentlemen do. If anybody can define the term and give it a local habitation as well as a name, it is they. If anybody knows wherein the danger of Anti-Imperialism lies, they are the men who know. If anybody is in possession of any fragment of proof that Mr. McKinley desires to pursue an Imperialistic policy, or that his election, as they are all agreed in saying, would tend to commit the country to such a policy, it is they.

Yet not one of them furnished such information as this at Indianapolis. Not one of them told us what they mean by "Imperialism," or what Anti-Imperialism may happen to stand for in their minds. Not one of them cited a single act or word or silence of Mr. McKinley tending to create an issue upon that subject. In these respects they were one and all as vague in their generalizations as the Kansas City platform itself, as miserly of illustrative facts as Mr. Bryan was in his speech of acceptance.

Perhaps the ablest man among the speakers and writers whose words were heard at Indianapolis was Mr. Bourke Cockran. Certainly he made in his letter the wiliest argument and the strongest statement that were put forth by any one of the little group of impracticables who met in the name of Anti-Imperialism to offer their excuses for supporting a Democratic candidate and platform against whom and which they turned all the batteries of their eloquence and their logic in 1896.

These excuses must impress every candid mind as curiously weak and far-fetched. The gentlemen offering them have not the courage which was shown by Mr. Croker when he frankly announced that he had changed his view with regard to the policy of free silver, and was prepared now as a trading politician to make terms with the enemy and fight under the flag of repudiation. They simply skulk behind the flimsy screen of "paramountcy."

Mr. Cockran puts the matter in this way:

"We cannot hope to deal intelligently with the issues of this campaign until we liberate ourselves from the domination of the questions, discussions, and passions of the last campaign. Within four years political conditions have changed decisively, and as conditions change, issues change with them. The question which the people must decide now is radically different from that submitted to them in 1896."

In this Mr. Cockran assumes two things to be true which thinking men generally see to be false. He assumes, first, that Mr. Bryan's election this year would involve no danger of free-silver repudiation and coinage debasement. He assumes and declares, in the second place, that Mr. McKinley's election would involve an actual danger, or even a certainty, of that vague and still undefined change in our governmental system and policy called "Imperialism." In other words, Mr. Cockran assumes that the menace of free silver is not involved in this year's campaign, and that the threat of spook Imperialism is.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already and conclusively shown that both of these assumptions are false. As to Mr. Bryan's purpose, and the purpose of the party behind him, to enact their extremest views with regard to free silver into actual statute law, we are left in no doubt. Mr. Bryan himself was at great pains to insert into his platform the most emphatic declaration of that purpose which a grand master of effective rhetorical utterance could frame. To doubt that he would carry out the purpose thus declared, if invested with authority to do so, is to doubt his sincerity and impugn his truthfulness, neither of which any man in all this land is disposed to do. Indeed, Mr. Cockran himself goes out of his way to pay a deserved compliment to Mr. Bryan's honesty and sincerity in this very matter of his free-silver purposes. He thus himself admits that Mr. Bryan fully intends to make a destructive assault upon the integrity of the country's finances and the prosperity of its people, if he is permitted by the American people to do so. But Mr. Cockran argues that even if elected President, Mr. Bryan would not have power to carry out his declared intention of evil. He asks the people to elect Mr. Bryan President and trust to luck for hobbling him by an adverse Senatorial majority. He asks us to let Mr. Bryan throw firebrands into the powder-magazine in full confidence that somebody will be able to extinguish them before they ignite the powder.

Mr. Cockran sets forth his theory of safety as follows:

"Whatever may be the result of this election, the Senate will remain Republican for two years certainly, and probably for four. Even if the people raise Mr. Bryan to the Presidency in November, the Democratic party cannot possibly achieve any power of legislation during the existence of the next Congress, and without legislative sanction no change in the standard of value, no reorganization of the Supreme Court, no modification whatever of our financial, industrial, or political system, could be accomplished."

If this be true, what power would Mr. Bryan or his party have, in the event of his election, to do what these Anti-Imperialists propose—if, indeed, they have any definite proposition to make—with regard to those foreign possessions in which alone they scent danger of Imperialism in practice? For would not that, too, require affirmative legislation in some shape?

But it has been clearly shown in these columns that in the event of Mr. Bryan's election we should have absolutely no security whatever of a Senatorial majority adverse to his policy of free-silver coinage debasement. One-third of the Senate will be changed on the 4th of next March, and another third on the 4th of March, 1903. If Mr. Bryan is elected, he must carry enough States now represented by Republican anti-free-silver Senators to add forty-eight electoral votes to those that he secured in 1896. No person at all familiar with political history can doubt that if these States are carried for Mr. Bryan upon a platform aggressively threatening free-silver legislation, they will also elect Legislatures that will send men in full sympathy with this policy to the Senate. The majority there against free silver is even now not a strong one, and there are some at least of those who voted at the last session in favor of the gold-standard bill who are weak-kneed in their convictions, time-servers who would accept Mr. Bryan's election as an

Mr. B. C. "You see how securely his hands are tied. I assure you, fellow-citizens, he is absolutely harmless."

indication that the people have changed their minds upon this question, and who would themselves be disposed to make a corresponding change in their attitude.

Thus even among those who are now counted in antagonism to free coinage there are some who could not be safely depended upon to oppose a President earnestly in favor of that policy. This fact, with the certainty that Mr. Bryan's election would result in the substitution of many free-silver, Bryan-Democratic Senators for sound-money men now sitting, renders it not only possible but probable in an extreme degree that the day of Mr. Bryan's inauguration would see an end of the sound-money majority in the Senate.

It is not true, therefore, as Mr. Cockran says, that "the question which the people must decide now is radically different from that submitted to them in 1896." On the contrary, it is identically the same with added emphasis. It involves the same menace to the country's prosperity, the same threat of national dishonor. And as Mr. Cockran himself justly says, "When the republic is in danger, the only place for the patriot is in the ranks of its active defenders." That the republic is in danger from the Populistic programme which Mr. Bryan represents is open to no doubt in any honest mind. And, to quote Mr. Cockran again, "it must be plain that the only way in which a citizen can exercise any direct influence upon the result is by voting for the Republican candidate ... or the Democratic candidate." The way to avert the free-silver danger is to defeat the candidate who stands for it. The way to make an end of Bryanism is to vote for the candidate who antagonizes Bryan. The way to save the country from the danger and dishonor of coinage debasement is to vote for Mr. McKinley.

If Mr. Cockran had been a little less manifestly earnest in his plea, it would be easy to read some parts of his utterance as subtle irony. He urges sound-money men to vote for Mr. Bryan, as we have seen, in the hope that even with the permission of the people thus granted he will be unable to put his declared purposes into practice. He goes still farther and assures us that we may safely elect a Democratic President and Congress because, in his opinion, their hands would be tied, and they would be helpless to carry out the purposes they cherish or do the mischievous things they threaten. He says:

"Then [1896] the election of Mr. Bryan would have placed the Democratic party in complete control of the legislative as well as of the executive branch of the government with full power to enact all its beliefs into law, while now his election will result not in placing the control of the government in the hands of the Democratic party, but in dividing its control between the two parties."

Of all extraordinary pleas that have ever been urged, in behalf of the election of a party candidate, this one appeals most strongly to the sense of humor. Put into other words, it amounts to nothing less than the suggestion that we may safely trust with partial control of the government a party whose principles, beliefs, and intentions are so hostile to the public interest that we dare not trust it with complete control. It reminds one of the recommendation which the Englishman gave to his discharged servant, when he wrote: "Michael has been in my service for a year. I am sending him away because he does his work badly when he does it at all, and because I have found him to be entirely untrustworthy. But barring these minor faults, any gentleman who does not leave portable property within reach, and does not particularly care to have his questions truthfully answered, will find Michael, I am sure, a most obliging and efficient serving-man."

The absurdity of Mr. Cockran's suggestion goes even further than this. It implies that we dare not in this country give any party complete control, lest it do something detrimental. It means that the only way in which we can avoid being governed to our injury is so to divide authority that we cannot be governed at all. It means that in order to prevent detrimental legislation, we must make all legislation practically impossible.

It implies that our only safety lies in setting the administrative and legislative departments of government at irreconcilable loggerheads.

If our system requires at our hands such devices as this for the protection of the public against hurtful policies, it would seem to ordinary minds that we are pressingly in need of a new and very different system. Fortunately, the American people do not distrust themselves and our republican system of government to any such extent as this. They still believe in their capacity as well as in their right to self-government by means of the suffrage. They still believe in their ability to choose for themselves both the policies which the country's welfare demands and the men for office who can be trusted to execute those policies.

It is not quite true, as Mr. Cockran asserts, that no Presidential election ever involves or settles more than one question. But even if it were true, the plain issue to be settled this year would be identical with that which was involved in the campaign of 1896. It is as important now as it was then to decide that question aright. The application of Mr. Bryan's financial ideas to the business of the country would be even more disastrous now than it would have been then, for the reason that the country had not then won the confidence of the world, and with it a prosperity more abounding than was ever before known, and a credit higher than any other country has ever enjoyed at any period of history. Up to 1896, the whole world traded with us—in so far as they traded with us at all—with the danger of our lapse to a free-silver basis fairly and fully confronting them. Since then we have assured the world that no such event should ever occur. We have pledged ourselves to all mankind that the word dollar in every American contract or obligation shall forever mean one hundred cents in gold, or its full and freely exchangeable equivalent. Upon this promise, made with all the solemnity that it is possible for legislative and executive action to give to a pledge, we have received the whole world's confidence, to our enormous advantage and enrichment. To break that promise now would be to dishonor the nation and discredit its people beyond any parallel in history. It would be repudiation of a kind which no subsequent effort could ever obliterate from men's minds. It would not only disgrace the nation, but would plunge its people into almost unimaginable disaster.

This is what the Anti-Imperialists ask sensible and patriotic men to risk for themselves and the country upon a senseless scare which has no foundation in any cited facts, and no hold upon any but unduly excited minds.

The paramount question in every election is, of necessity, that question which most nearly concerns the welfare of the American people themselves. That question this year is the issue of honesty in finance, as clearly and as exclusively as it was four years ago.

UNITED STATES MARINES ADVANCING UNDER FIRE.

REFUGEES FROM TIENTSIN.

JAPANESE OFFICER AND PATHAN.

CHAO-YUN-HO,
Who carried a Message from Admiral Seymour's beleaguered Column to the Allies in Tientsin.

JAPANESE INFANTRY LEAVING THEIR BARRACKS.

JAPANESE ENGINEERS BUILDING A PONTOON-BRIDGE.

THE ALLIED FORCES AT TIENTSIN.

BRITISH SAILORS AND MARINES BRINGING UP AMMUNITION UNDER FIRE.

JAPANESE CLEANING GUNS AFTER ACTION.

RUSSIAN HOSPITAL AT TONGKU.

THE LOOTING OF TIENTSIN

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

TIENTSIN, CHINA, *July 15.*

At nine o'clock in the morning Chinese were still scarce in the city. They had burrowed into their warrens and stopped up the mouths. Here and there a stray Boxer lurked about for a chance to touch off a fire-cracker shop and take a pot shot or two under cover of the pyrotechnics. The early fires were waning. A correspondent hammered on the door of a house not far from the wall, beating with the butt of his carbine. Inside there was loud answering clamor. The bar dropped to an accompaniment of shouts and groans, and three wretched trembling cowards stood in the doorway, yammering for their lives. The little Jap soldier pointed his rifle toward the middle of the street, and they fell on their knees and kotowed with piteous pleadings. The correspondent insisted, threatening with the carbine butt, but the sight of the camera was worse than the rifle, and all three fled back into the house. Inside there was not sufficient light; it must be in the street where there was sunshine. The little Jap clubbed his rifle and made a terrible threat, but only the most abject poltroon could have missed the grin on his face. At last they were in the street, pigtails tied together, lest one get away. Just at the critical instant the huge hulking young fellow thrust the toothless old man in front and cowered behind him. If you see the picture in one of the New York papers you will recognize the first loot of Tientsin, taken only by great show of force from the most unwilling victims.

By ten o'clock a subterranean rumor was running about that the time for loot was near at hand. The hutch-dwellers poked out their timorous noses and sniffed. They caught the scent of danger, but mixed with it, and gradually overpowering it, was the indescribable, unmistakable, all-compelling aroma of loot—the loot of a great city: silks that stand alone, brocades, fine cloths, gold, silver, jewels, rare and precious stones, beautiful robes and costly garments, furs (sable, fox, Persian lamb), Tibetan wool, jade, pearls, porcelains, treasures of hundreds of years, coined silver dollars in heaps, sacks of money, and piles of silver bars, "plunder of earth"—and all to be had for the taking. The hour of the strong hand was come. It was time to get out and play a full-grown part. This was the beginning of the redistribution of wealth.

From the wall top and the towers centres of activity became noticeable in different places. Men gathered in groups, jabbered with much gesticulation, and disappeared up the street, around the corner, inside the house gates. The storm was over, the day had cleared, and the ants were coming out of their hills to investigate the wreckage and carry off the spoil. Eleven o'clock found confidence ascendant over fear. Noon saw the turmoil.

A city of gray bricks and gray tiled roofs, yellow clay huts, and spots of green where straggling trees thrust up their heads, flecked with flame and pillared with smoke; narrow, irregular streets and blind alleys that led to dead-walls and the mouths of the rabbit-warrens, whence now the indwellers were swarming out to grab whatever might be had of the slow accumulation of years, about to be scattered in minutes. These were the coolies who but a few days ago were roving about with rattletrap rickshas, picking up a few cents here and there by hard work; the water-carriers, brick-makers, stable-men, truck-gardeners, small farmers, melon-raisers, junkmen, the thousand and one followers of what the day may bring forth, who earn four cash and live on three, and have one suit of ragged blue or dirty gray that once was white, for summer, with hope of half a quilt for winter. This was their time. They knew where the good things were stored. They had slaved for merchants and pawn-shops. The road to silk and fur and jewelry that was worn by their toiling feet they ran now for pleasure and profit. Such profit!

Outside the north wall was the street of the silk-merchants. At one o'clock one forced his way through it with his fists, with pulling of queue and kicks and blows, if he were a Chinaman, but if he happened to be one of the dominant races he went with revolver drawn and plenty of room. Up one side ran a solid stream of Chinese, eager-eyed, empty-handed, panting, and hurried. Down the other side struggled a mob loaded with arms full of bales of cloth, rolls of beautiful silks, satins, brocades, coats of silk lined with fur—otter, fox, sable, lamb, wool, mink. They ran in gangs with heaps of plunder tied with ropes and slung from bars over their shoulders. They came alone, struggling under loads that over-covetousness had made too great to carry. They were in pairs, dragging huge chests they had filled with stuffs they could not estimate in value. And in the middle of the way stood those who had no care for selection, but took what they liked from those who came along, ready with fist or knife or club to enforce the demand.

This was the working of first principles. Those who liked went to the treasure-houses and took what they chose, and those who were not minded for this energy took what they would in the street with no more trouble than a fight for it. The once strong merchant had become the weakling fugitive. The cowering coolie who had worked for him was master of his goods, and ransacked and robbed at his will. Then the stronger fighting-man impartially and without toil robbed the coolie.

The cross of St. George flying above the north gate threw a shadow over the street of the silk-merchants and the howling, struggling, fighting mob. Inside the gate half a dozen buildings on fire sent up masses of black smoke spotted with flame. The smoke clouds had obscured the sun and turned the day a dull gray, the color of the city. Bundles and bales of silks torn open in the incessant street squabbles added their bright hues to the gorgeous colors of the rich clothing strewn about by those whose first greed had been satisfied, and now were captious in choosing. Whole bolts of brilliant red or deep blue brocades, stiff and heavy and rustling, were strung about where they had been unrolled for the casual inspection of a passing coolie.

Into the midst of this scramble came the jack-tars of her gracious majesty the Queen of England, rifles in the slings over their shoulders, both hands free, straw hats on the back of the head, eyes of amazement, and grins of pure delight. Silk in rolls was new to them, but the first torn bundle was the clew. Instantly the Chinese recognized the new element, the advent of the master-spirit. Coolie after coolie, hurrying to his hutch as fast as he could, paused to offer part or all of his load to the first white man he met. The sailor-men filled their arms and piled it up about their feet, calling to their fellows to go get a cart or bring some of their mates to help carry the stuff away. They chose it without regard to color or quality or condition. A green roll of silk was as good as a yellow coat, and white fur or black made no difference to them. This was the street of the silk-merchants on the afternoon of the day that Tientsin was taken.

Everywhere throughout the city it was the same—the Chinese were the first to find the loot; they knew the way. Then came the soldiers and took it from them. Not all; that was impossible. There were not men enough in the allied forces to do that, but here and there a little, a selection of this and a sample of that, and of it all a great pile, but only the fraction of a little part of the whole. Hundreds of Chinese who had been slaves all their lives got plunder enough to make them independent, and their families after them. The foreigners only nibbled at the edge of the pie; the natives gobbled it all and licked up the last crumb.

Among the foreigners there was little difference in method at the start. All seemed more or less diffident, mindful that looting is not recognized in the modern articles of war. If there had been men enough to establish guards all about the city it is probable that the Chinese would not have had such a riot of robbery. But it was a Chinese city after all; and when the Chinese were looting it themselves, why should not the men who had fought to take it have a chance? Tommy probably did not think it out for himself along such lines. He merely saw a mob of coolies running off with stuff he would like, and he took it, simply and directly, because he wanted it and could get it. From this general rule there were only two exceptions, the British and the Japanese. The British looted officially, and the Japanese hardly at all. Everywhere through the city yesterday afternoon and this morning, where plunder was to be had, British officers wandered about with stretcher-parties of their men, gathering up what goods they could find. The Japanese looked on but held aloof; only now and then would a man be seen with loot, and even then rarely of any value.

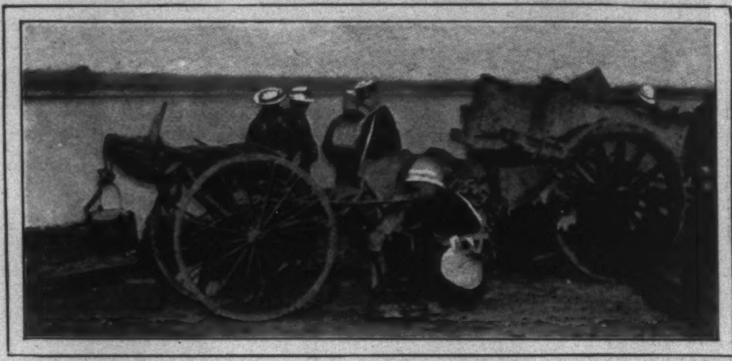
It was in the afternoon of yesterday that it got into the blood of the soldiers. The civilians from the settlements, who had been hiding in their cellars while the fighting was going on, now came out boldly enough, and sought to "recompense ourselves for our losses." They knew the city as well as the Chinese, and the soldiers soon learned to follow them. Gun-butt, hammer-nose, and axe-head were the working tools, and not doors nor locks withstood the assault. Little by little, by this squeeze and that, a few cash here, a few cents there, a few dollars in some other place, the Chinese had won their store mostly from the foreigners. Now at one swoop the foreigners were getting it back. At the yamens and official treasuries the official guards were posted. In due time official accounting will be made for the treasure thus taken, and it will help to pay the expenses of the taking. It was the individual among the takers who was paying his individual expenses now.

To-day the British have shown all the rest of the world what it is to loot scientifically. The roads from

THE JAPANESE RESTING UNDER COVER OF THE MUD WALL.

SENTRY OF THE BRITISH-CHINESE REGIMENT FROM WEI-HAI-WEI.

FUNERAL OF A FRENCH SAILOR.



MEN OF THE BRITISH SHIP "BARFLEUR" DRESSING THEIR WOUNDED DONKEY.

the city to the settlement have been traversed all day by men bringing in their loot. Gangs of impressed coolies, with rickshas, carts, wheelbarrows, every kind of carrying contrivance known to man or Chinese, have been coming into the British concession with treasure-heaps of all the city held. And by whatever road they came they met at the edge of the concession a British guard that took it all away from them, despite the pleas of the looters, and stored it in the barracks of the men from the *Orlando*, there to be held, according to the explanation of the officer of the guard, until disposed of for the common benefit of all the men engaged in the capture of the city. This evening the first of the distribution began. It was among British officers only.

Thus you have a great lesson in social economics. This was a redistribution of wealth. The proletariat rose and despoiled the rich. The strong despoiled the proletariat, and were immediately despoiled in turn by the strong official class. The wealth is no longer distributed. In less than two days the whole process has been completed. But it was a gay spectacle while it lasted. To-night it is announced officially that to-morrow order will be restored.

TIENTSIN, CHINA, *July 17.*

"A little attack every day, that gives you only a few casualties at a time, but they count up, and the enemy is encouraged to think he is holding you back or beating you. That is no good. But a big attack that gives him a very big beating, that is good. You have some casualties, but after that there is quiet."

This was General Fukushima, the clever little Japanese who planned and carried out the capture of Tientsin—the native or walled city. Physically General Fukushima is a small man, even for a Japanese. We have been learning here for several days now, however, that size, or lack of it, has little to do with making a man a fighter, except that it renders it harder for the enemy to hit him. General Fukushima is profiting now by the experience he gained against the Chinese in the war of '94. The plan he made for the taking of Tientsin was one which would mean only the slaughter of the attacking force if made against white troops. When other commanders were in doubt or talking about a retirement, Fukushima gave orders that not one of his men should retire one inch. The Japanese obeyed, and the result was that the Chinese ran. Fukushima is a pleasant, affable man. He speaks English well enough for all practical purposes, though sometimes it is a little picturesque. He is always for action that will count, and the delay of the first few days after his arrival here was much to his disliking. He is characteristically good-natured, and not at all slow to catch a joke or make one. Military men will perhaps find fault with Fukushima as a general, because he does not seem to take much thought of his losses. He told me that the Japanese casualties on the 13th and 14th were more than 400 out of a force of less than 2200 engaged. Then he said, with a smile, "It was a good fight," as if he were proud of having suffered so much to gain what he won. But he was quite right in his prophecy as to the result; we lost heavily in the attack, but there have been no losses since, and the daily average of fifty or more has ceased. The Japanese alone had lost about 300 up to that time, just in the ordinary run of guard duty about the lines, and in reconnoissances and attacks by the Chinese. It was quite natural that Fukushima should want to stop such business even at considerable cost.

I am not a military man, and have had no very extended opportunities for observing the fighting-men of different nations, but the Japanese certainly seem to me to be the best troops now in Tientsin. They are by long odds the cleanest. Their headquarters are just across the street from this house, and there have been plenty of opportunities for seeing the little fellows in quarters. They never come in from the front, outpost duty, or fight, foraging, or scout, no matter what the duty, that they do not at once get out of their clothes and scrub them. During the rainy days at the first of this month every tour of duty meant a general wash-up as soon as relieved. I have seen them come in with great-coats plastered with mud and all their uniform caked with yellow clay from standing guard on the mud wall, and in less than an hour be as clean as if they had never been out of barracks. It is the external appearance of the men which first takes the eye in considering different troops. It may be said that dress or appearance has nothing to do with the way a man will fight, but it is notorious here that the cleanest men are the best fighters, and the filthiest—the French—are the only ones who have run away from the enemy.

The Japanese are sturdy and well set up. They are well drilled, and their discipline, so far as I have been able to observe it, is superb. Their endurance is astonishing. I have seen a battalion go 1800 yards on the double without a man falling out. When I walked out on the mud wall to the west arsenal on the morning of the 13th to see the attack on the city there were stragglers of two or three nationalities, including our own, along it, but there wasn't a Jap. In the course of that day and night they were put to the stiffest kind of a test, yet I did not see a man of them falter or give out. Instances of their courage and willingness to fight are very numerous, and in every case they bear themselves bravely.

One afternoon there was a reconnoissance from the railroad station. The Japanese took one of their mountain batteries down to make a diversion. Their guns are little brass affairs, and they use black powder, which ought to be a capital crime nowadays. They took that battery out in front of the station, which was a perfect hell-hole, and planted it on a knoll in the open. Chinese riflemen on three sides opened on it from easy range, but there were three guns which the battery had been sent to engage. It engaged them, and in the course of an hour had used up all the ammunition that had been taken out, and had lost the captain and two subalterns with twenty-five per cent. of the batterymen. When the ammunition gave out the men retired behind the station and sent for more. But instead of more ammunition came orders to bring in the guns. The reconnoissance had failed. It was in speaking of this that the general said,

"The two near guns we made to silence, but the far gun we could not success."

On the night of the 11th there was to be a general attack on the city on much the same plan that was carried out afterward. Just before it started there was a very sharp attack on our north line by the Chinese, who swarmed in at the railroad station in great force, and made, for them, a very determined charge. The line was held by French, British, and Japanese. When the Chinese came down the French gave way. The Japanese and British held their ground, and sent for re-enforcements. The British re-enforced quickly with Welsh Fusileers, who soon sent for further re-enforcements. The Japanese re-enforcements came up on the double, fixed bayonets, and went in, driving the Chinese back helter-skelter, and killing them by the score. They lost seventy-nine men in the charge, but they gave the Chinese a good sound drubbing. One company lost its captain and four lieutenants. "The Chinese do not like the bayonet fixed," says Fukushima.

When his men went up the road from the west arsenal toward the city on the morning of the 13th Fukushima went after them. By nine o'clock they had got as far as they could. Then it became a test of endurance, with the great advantage of position on the side of the Chinese. The Japanese lay still and took their punishment all day. As soon as it grew dark they started forward again. By two o'clock in the morning they had reached the wall. They had ladders with them for scaling, and the engineers had guncotton to blow down the gates. The Chinese made a stubborn resistance. When the Japanese got so close under the wall that the Chinese could not fire effectually they rolled stones and bricks down from the wall. The engineers blew up the outer gate and then went at the inner one. Meantime the infantrymen were swarming over the wall, some up the ladders, and some up the wall itself, made ragged by the terrific fire it had withstood. Those who used their hands went most quickly, and before the engineers could blow down the gate they had run down the inside of the wall and opened it from within.

The Japanese do some things which seem funny to Westerners. They are extraordinarily patriotic, and the army system seems to strive to take advantage of that fact. They are turned out a company at a time, and taught to cheer or to sing. Frequently in the evening a company will go by marching slowly and singing a song which two men who march ahead line off in the good old camp-meeting style. They make long marches, with two buglers ahead playing all the time, and not a day passes that one or two companies are not turned out in the street near this house, and made to stand at attention while some officer lectures for half an hour or so. Whenever a private passes a sentry he salutes as gravely as he would for the general, and the sentry solemnly bows in reply, instead of returning the salute.

Discipline is rigid among them, but the officers have a power not many white troops would stand. The other morning I saw an officer giving a soldier a wigging for some misdemeanor. The man stood at attention, as if he were wood, with his hands open and held close to the seams of his trousers. At last the officer slapped him, first on one cheek and then on the other, and swung on his heel to walk away. The man saluted and walked into his quarters.

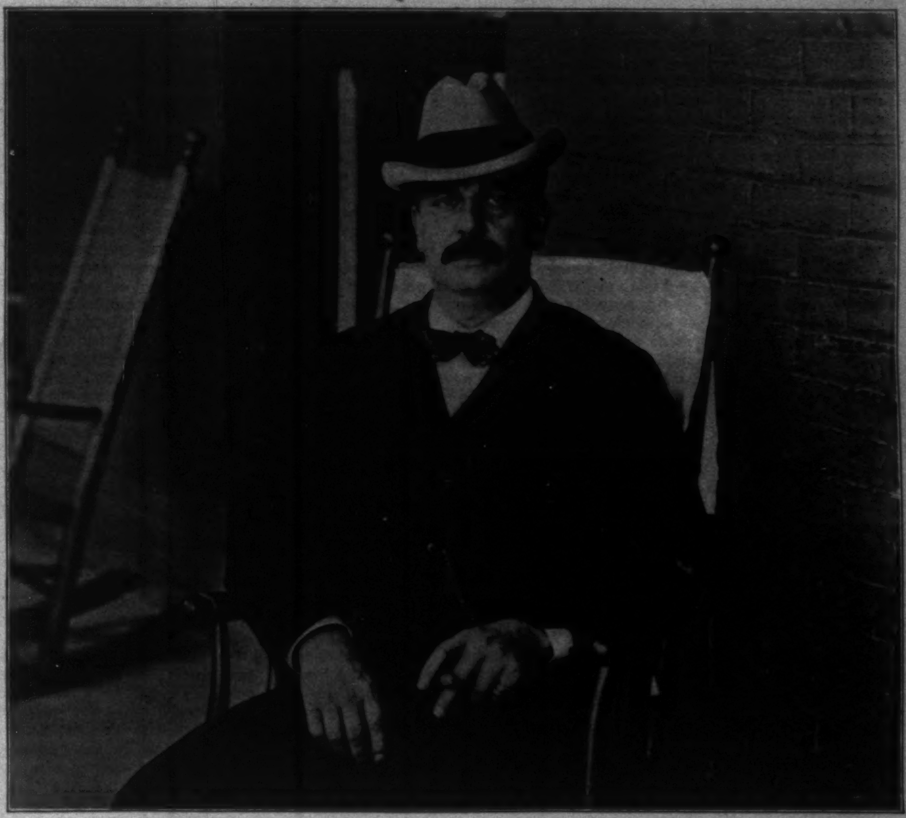
In the looting of Tientsin the Japanese were the best behaved of the eight nations represented. One of our own officers said to me:

"It is pretty tough for the representative of a Christian nation to have to stand, as I did to-day, and hear a Japanese officer, who represents what not so many years ago we called the heathen, tell him that it is not right to loot and it should not be permitted. And the worst of it was I couldn't say a word, for my own men were guilty and his were not. I couldn't stop it and he could."

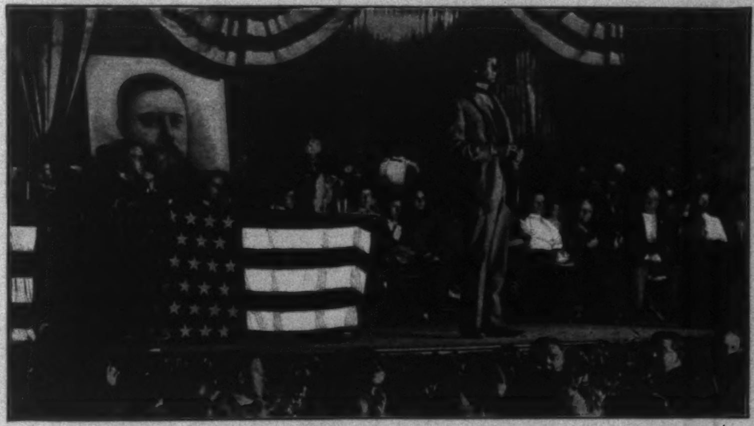
One thing the Japanese have not yet learned to do: they do not police about their quarters. The Americans and Germans are the most conspicuous for their work of this kind. Their quarters are nearly always clean and neat. The British come next; the Russians make a little effort at it. The French, as represented in the force here, are unprintably filthy.

THE CONVENTION IN SESSION.

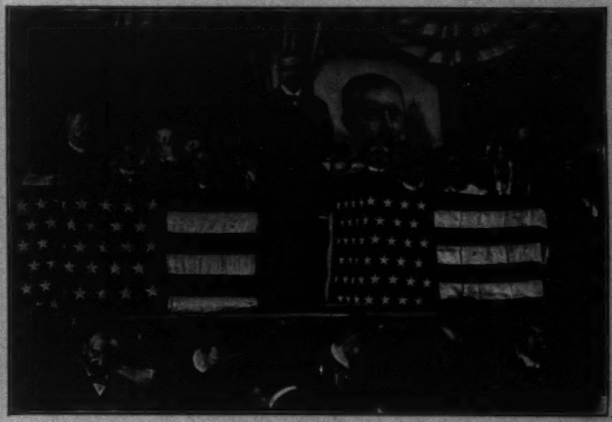
TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF,
Renominated for Lieutenant-Governor.



BENJAMIN B. ODELL, JR.,
Nominated for Governor.



EX-GOVERNOR BLACK NOMINATING MR. ODELL.



MR. ODELL MAKING HIS SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE.

THE NEW YORK STATE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, SARATOGA, SEPTEMBER 6, 1900.

The Army's Navy

BY FRANK VAN VLECK

FEW are aware that the army has created a navy, and a navy superior to that possessed by many of the smaller nations. With all the governments of the world, a navy represents the outgrowth of years. The United States army has developed its navy within eighteen months. Two years ago, had citizens of this country been told that in this time a new navy could be put on the seas by a purely military department, they would have deemed it impossible. Even yet, it can scarcely be believed when it is stated that now there are twenty-five or more vessels of this new navy in port or on the oceans of the world, each owned by the United States army, and carrying the army's now well-known flag at the fore, and, in addition, a still larger fleet of forty to fifty other huge vessels under charter, but absolutely controlled by this now world-wide, ubiquitous army organization. Yet more noteworthy is the fact that this new navy has been produced not from the old and regular United States navy, but from entirely new material, in ships, methods, and personnel. Not a single officer of the United States navy has been transferred or loaned to the army department to aid or instruct with his nautical or administrative advice. The navy has had its own arduous work to do. The army desired not to borrow, but to stand firmly on its own foundation, and to evolve means and methods suited to its own exigencies. Conditions were confronted which the navy might slowly or never understand, or, if understood, inadequately meet. Time could scarcely be had for debate—people urged, and troops clamored for transportation to the theatre of war. It was no time to make experiments in the engrafting of a military transport system on a navy palpably undermanned. The plan of this military navy—the transport service—developed itself. The experience and lessons of years of nautical men were crowded into days and hours at the quartermaster-general's department of the army—a department heretofore only concerned with the transportation of men and material by wagon or rail. The country's astonishment at the unprecedented congestion at Tampa, of troops, transports, supplies, and munitions of war, when the order "On to Cuba" was given, was the first lesson. The lesson was thoroughly learned. Lesson second has never been needed. Army officials, accustomed only to military problems, took up new lines of work and of thought which their text-books at West Point had not mentioned, or even hinted at. It, however, indicates how flexible and adaptable was the institution that could rise so well to new responsibilities. The results are now apparent, and win praise from all who stop to consider the speed of organization, and the perfection of equipment already attained.

The sailing of the temporarily chartered fleet of transports with the troops for Santiago stirred the army to at once develop some system which should consist of a businesslike whole for the control and management of a transport service. Naturally, the system was cast in a military mould, with sufficient naval and nautical semblance to render the organization practical. Navy-yard methods of leisurely outfitting could not be considered. Ships must be bought or chartered, reconstructed, outfitted, and manned, and, as a transport, coaled and sent to sea—and all this in often not more than two or three weeks. Once in commission, these vessels must keep a hurried movement to and fro with a regularity and despatch equal to the liners on the transatlantic ferry, with the added difference that our new Pacific ferry is three times longer. While Florida gave the initiative, California brought the consummation. Here, far removed from Washington, from Eastern markets, and even Eastern methods of work, has been developed this splendid fleet of transports. To and from San Francisco these white-hulled soldier-ships ply with almost the regularity of Cunarders.

The establishment of this unique and extended navy—for it can now with justice be termed our army's navy—is due to the indefatigable efforts of General M. I. Ludington, quartermaster-general of the United States army. Notwithstanding the magnitude of the task and the multitudinous commercial and business duties pressing down on this hard-worked department, he and his able coadjutors went ahead and superintended this new maritime organization, in the face of difficulties and new situations. With the purchasing or chartering of this large number of vessels there has no scandal arisen, although the amount of money involved ranges high into the millions. Experienced marine operators indicate that our government has made remarkably good purchases, and could now dispose of its vessels at a decided profit to itself.

The only record against the whole career of this service which has thus far been brought to light has been the charges against the transports *Tartar* and *Manauense*. These were both chartered vessels, and have brought to the attention of this efficient Quartermaster Department more forcibly than ever the need of perfect control over the entire personnel of officers and men of the transport fleet. These ill-reputed vessels had their own officers, and conducted matters much in their own way, and without the direct responsibility which they would have had if in the direct service of the army. These vessels at the time were under a foreign flag and English officers.

The ways of the Quartermaster Department have always been most satisfactorily open to the public, and the department has at all times invited inspection of its methods, and, if need be, its files. From these, it is now well known that absolutely no blame attaches to any official for the conditions found on the two vessels mentioned. The inspections of hulls, boilers, fittings, and supplies had all been done with unusual thoroughness, and were at once given for publication.

The main centre of operations of this transport service has been San Francisco. Here, on our former Western confines, seven-eighths of the entire business of this service has been organized and transacted. General Ludington's aims have been carried out by one of his able subordinates, Colonel Oscar F. Long, U.S.A., general superintendent United States transport service. Colonel Long has had responsibilities graver than a transcontinental railway president, for what president or manager has been called upon to create and then to administer a continental route in a few months' time. Nor when Colonel Long stepped to this grave assignment was he a nautical man. Conceive a railway man going to his presidential chair knowing nothing of railroads or never having enjoyed a trip over his transcontinental line! Many would predict disaster. Not so with this officer, trained in the long, hard school of the soldier and quartermaster. He was obliged to change military for seafaring phrases, and is now an authority on matters of marine construction and equipment, and astonished captains who have commanded vessels for years. In a dingy office in the heart of San Francisco he despatches business, while regiments after regiments have marched by in the adjacent streets, and he without the spur and zest which has accompanied others to win promotion and glory in the fighting-line. He has seen colonels come back with the two stars of a major-general, and a commodore with the four stars of an admiral.

One hundred and ten thousand men gone and come across the Pacific, and not a life lost from a nautical error of this new navy. Certainly a record for any navy! The hand which has largely moved these ships on the great chess-board of the Pacific, and without error, should receive recognition for the successful part he has borne in making the victories of our arms possible in our far-off islands.

In arranging the executive and navigating details of officers to have charge of the vessels actually owned and commanded by the army, military officers were not sought, but, instead, the seafaring community was scoured to find high-grade nautical material to place as officers in these responsible positions of command. They were found in the mercantile marine, some from civil life, and many from the Naval Militia. When found (for America always produces just the man when the need arises), these men were put in sole control of the vessels under their command, and form a body of officers of the highest standing. And this control is absolute when once cast loose from the shore. The army general or other officer, no matter how high or low his rank, once aboard ship is helpless in all matters involving the ship's course or regulations. The military are simply passengers, and, as good passengers should, must look out for their own order and cleanliness. The transport captain and his lieutenants cannot have their authority questioned in matters of their department.

The arrangement of the executive staff aboard ship corresponds in a general way to the positions as filled in the best transatlantic liners, but with additional warrant or petty officers interposed to bring the organization to a semi-naval basis. Thus we find boatswains charged with the same authority as aboard a man-of-war. Also a gunner and a gunner's mate—for these vessels, although troop-ships, are supplied with satisfactory ordnance, in the way of modern rapid-fire guns. Although all these officers and men belong to the army establishment, yet they are uniformed similarly to the officers of our navy, with slight differences only in trimming of their garments. The sailor grades are uniformed as are seamen of the regular navy, but their caps, instead of bearing the familiar naval inscription, as "U.S.S. *Monterey*," bear the words instead, "U.S.A. T. *Sherman*."

In carrying forward this work at San Francisco, Colonel Long has been supported by the following staff as chiefs of divisions: Captain N. P. Batchelder, of Quartermaster Department U.S.V. and assistant and general superintendent A.T.S.; Captain John Barneson, marine superintendent U.S.A.T.; Captain Charles G. Lyman, assistant superintendent; and Captain J. H. Matthews, superintendent engineer.

As most of these vessels were in the classification of "ocean tramps"—otherwise large freight-carriers—the internal arrangements had to be completely altered to fit them for use as comfortable troop-ships. They were torn out inside, cleaned, and renovated, and then fitted with comfortable berthing appliances. All berths are made of metal, with swinging sides, and with woven wire mattresses, and not more than three berths to a tier. Toilet provisions are unusually ample, and the entire ship's plumbing invariably arranged so that there shall be no running about with wash-basins. Shower-baths are provided to take large squads of men at a time, and no man need go without his daily bath. The paintings of all surfaces inside and the hull outside were invariably and scrupulously white. The steerage accommodations in the Atlantic trade, even the best, are far inferior to the conveniences and fittings provided for our sea-moving troops. In fact, troops ashore and in barracks do not have so many conveniences close at hand. The commissary or cooking department is under the control of the regiments travelling, and is not an inherent part of the transport service. The kitchen, however, is provided with all the best of fixtures common to vessels or to the largest hotels. The ship's galley, or kitchen, is entirely distinct, and is only operated for the ship's complement. On the transports, if soldiers had any cause for complaint regarding their bill of fare, it is a matter for their own regimental commissary to attend to, and never the ship's officers.

The list of vessels attached to this new naval power—our army—forms a gamut of almost every style of mercantile marine architecture in steel. All are steamers save one vessel, the *Tacoma*—supplied with sail only, and used for the cheaper and slow-going freight, as forage to follow after the animal-steamers. The transportation of horses called for the solution of its own problems, and was relatively more difficult than that of soldiers. Although it has been said that not a soldier's life was lost through the ship's fault, yet it cannot be said that no horse's life had been lost for like reasons. One entire cargo of horses had to be thrown over the rail, dead, and other horse-ships had frightful mortality.

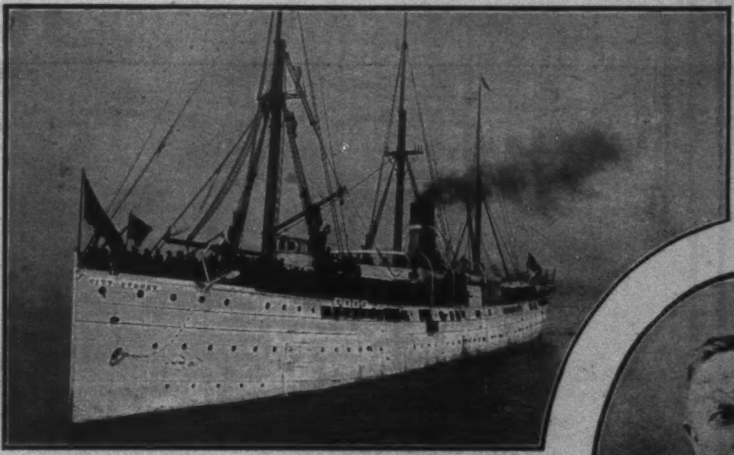
The chartered vessels represent many nationalities, the preference, however, having been given to ships flying the American ensign. The charter for all these vessels will be annulled as soon as the demand for their services ceases, which is now shortly expected. To the enthusiastic patriot it seems sometimes a little discordant to see our soldiers going off to fight our battles in these white-hulled vessels carrying at the fore the American flag, at the main the tricolor ensign of the army transport service, and at the stern—the post of honor—some strange flag of a foreign nation, and crews to man them made up of Malays, Lascars, Kanakas, Filipinos, Japs, and Chinese. Of course, next to American chartered vessels the English takes place in numbers, but in addition there were the Austrian flag over the former transport *Siam*, and the Russian flag over the *Dalney Vostok*.

The vessels owned outright by the government naturally carry the American flag and no other, and regardless of any previous condition of ownership or register by another nation.

This class of vessels represents the permanent part of this new navy, and they will probably be retained in full efficiency, as they are needed in the business of a new world power. They have been selected and fitted with great care, and it would be folly for the nation to sell them back. Some of them are vessels with records as Atlantic greyhounds of the past. The sea travellers of fifteen years ago remember with pleasure the Guion liner *Arizona*. She is now remodelled and renamed the *Hancock*—in honor of the general of the civil war of that name.

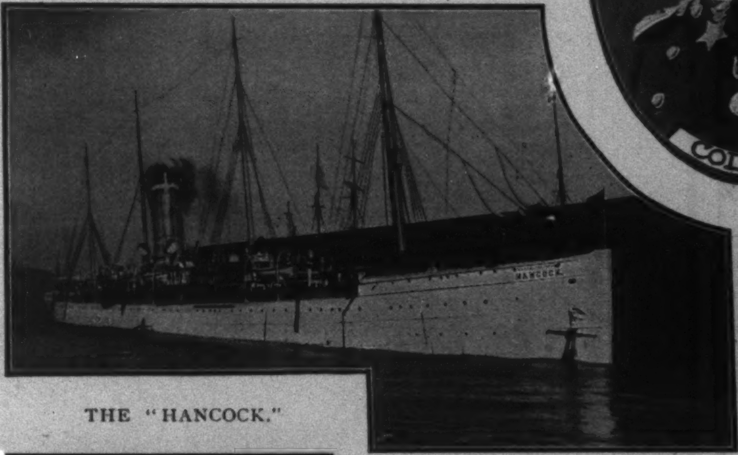
The officer at Washington who conceived the plan of naming these army vessels after the great generals of the last war has done not only a favor to the army, but to the country. If nothing else, it adds to the military and human interest in the vessels. The names already on the list are the *Buford*, *Burnside*, *Crook*, *Grant*, *Hancock*, *Kilpatrick*, *Logan*, *McClellan*, *McPherson*, *Meade*, *Sedgwick*, *Sheridan*, *Sherman*, *Slocum*, *Thomas*, and *Warren*.

The name of one general of the Spanish and Filipino war is honored by the name of a vessel. The U.S.S. *Badger* has been transferred by the navy to the army, and has gone into service as the U.S.T. *Lawton*.

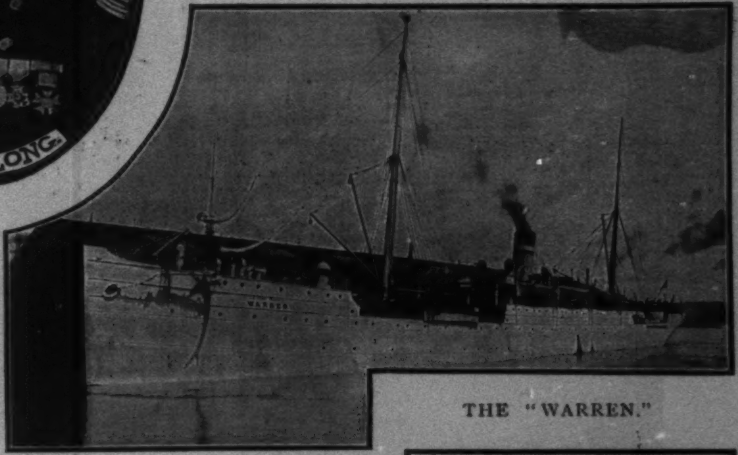


THE "CITY OF SYDNEY."

THE "GRANT."

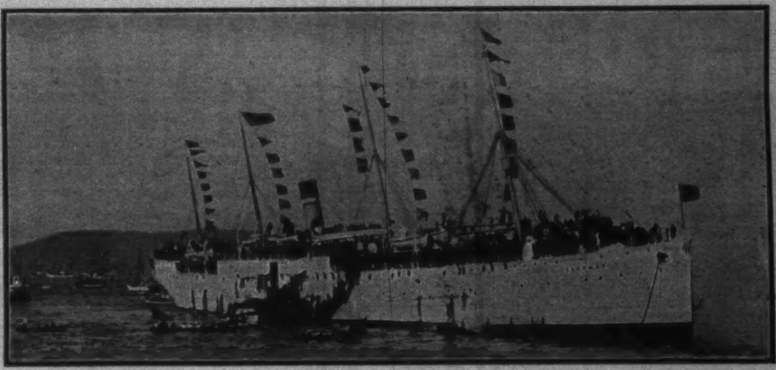


THE "HANCOCK."



THE "WARREN."

CAPT. N. P. BATCHELDER.

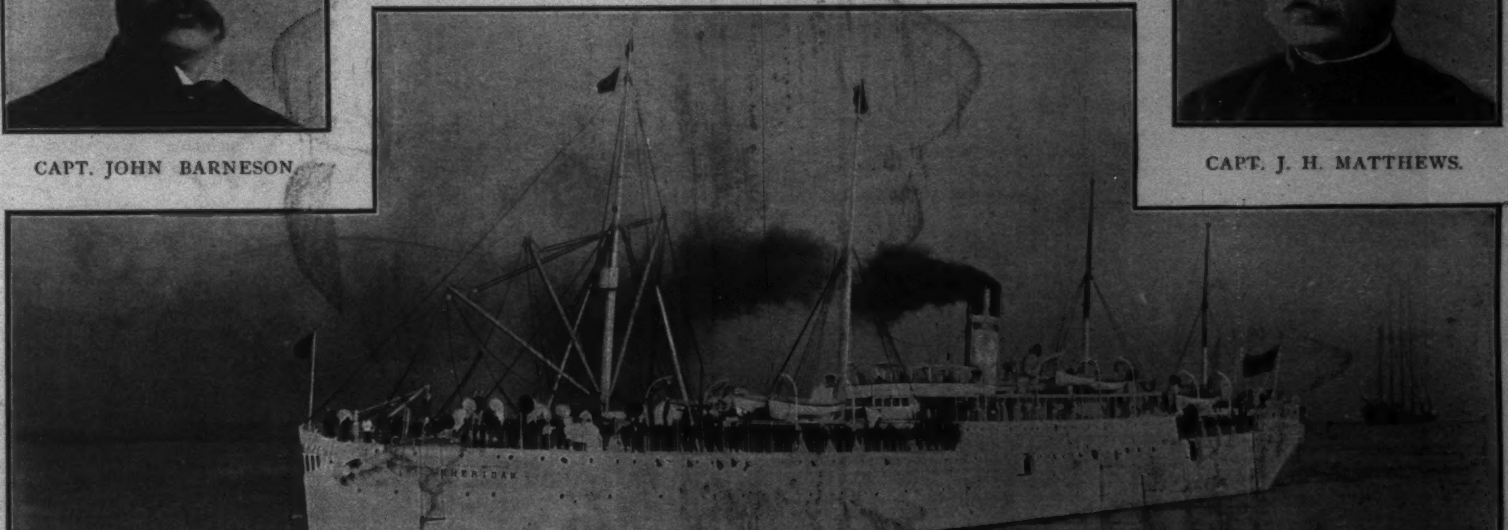


THE "SHERMAN."
Copyright, 1899, by Charles Weidman, San Francisco.

CAPT. CHARLES G. LYMAN.

CAPT. JOHN BARNESON.

CAPT. J. H. MATTHEWS.



THE "SHERIDAN."

THE UNITED STATES ARMY TRANSPORTS.

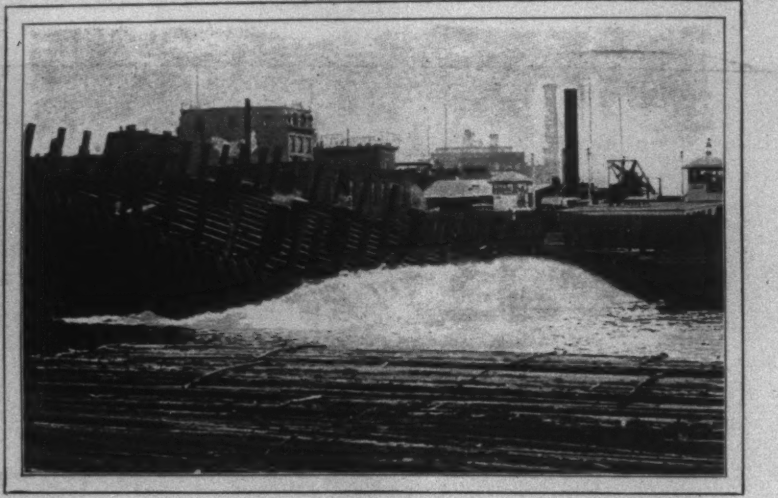
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

W OF SHANGHAI

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

W· OF SHANGHAI

TEMPORARY PIER FOR SINKING CAISSONS.



LAUNCHING AN 1100-TON CAISSON.

The Towers of the New East River Bridge

BY FRANK W. SKINNER, C. E.

Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?
I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow.
Whoever to me may the goblet bring
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of the king.

IN Delaware, not far from the birth-place of Bayard Taylor, is the home of a charming Quaker family of his kin. In every room the writer has often seen a volume of the delightful author's book, his portrait or mementos of his travels. Among these treasured remembrances is a beautiful copy of his spirited translation of that graphic poem quoted, in part, above. Who that has declaimed it in schoolboy days but remembers the vivid description of the horrible watery depths and the perils and disaster which attended the submarine expedition for a monarch's whim? Among all the knights and squires but one was reckless enough to make the venture, even in those days of chivalry.

To-day, in the prosaic times of modern science and mechanics, here in great commercial New York, dozens of brave men have descended daily, week after week, farther below the surface of the bay than ever diver ventured. They have penetrated not only under the great steam-ships, and to the bottom of the swift tide, but on beyond through depths of earth and sand and bowlders to the living rock more than one hundred feet below the surface, and all have returned alive to the upper air. These men, too, were knights—knights of labor—and their guerdon was not the princess's hand or even the golden cup, but simply their day's wages; their ruler was no royal tyrant, but the engineer to whom is intrusted the design and construction of the largest bridge on this continent, and the grandest one in the world.

Its massive foundations are sunk deep through the river-bed to the solid rock, and belong to a type never executed until within a few years. In length of span the new East River Bridge will be second in the world, and in its other dimensions and in capacity far superior to all. Up to within twenty-five or thirty years a bridge span of 300 feet was enormous, and there are now hardly a dozen spans in the world that are more than 600 feet long, and only a part of them have one or at the most two lines of railroad tracks. The longest suspension-bridge is the present Brooklyn Bridge, with its 1595-foot span and four lines of rails for cable and trolley-cars. It cost about $9,000,000, and was thirteen years in building.

The new East River Bridge will have a single channel span 1600 feet long and 135 feet above the water, which will carry six lines of elevated and electric car tracks, double wide roadways, foot-walks, and bicycle paths, and will have a huge frame-work 118 feet wide and 45 feet deep, suspended from four 18-inch steel cables, which will pass over the top of two steel towers fully 335 feet high above the water. Work at the site was commenced in the fall of 1896, and it is estimated may be completed at a total cost of about $7,510,000. Each of the steel towers will rest on two piers about 97 feet apart and 53x69 feet at the base of the masonry, which will be 61 feet high and rise 23 feet above high-water. As each of these piers will eventually carry a total load of about 550,000,000 pounds, it was necessary to build their foundations far below the possibility of any undermining by the swift current, and to carry them through the mud, sand, bowlders, and hard-pan to the solid rock, which was indicated by preliminary diamond-drill boring to lie from 45 to 75 feet below the surface of the water. In order to descend to the deeply submerged rock, it was necessary to use pneumatic caissons, which are simply modifications of diving-bells, constructed on the principle that if the upper part of a closed vessel be filled with air, water cannot displace it from below, and a place is provided in which men can live and work.

The caissons for this bridge are essentially very large rectangular bottomless boxes with air-tight wooden sides, which were sunk to the required position on the river-bottom by means of stone and concrete built on top. Through each caisson vertical steel cylinders or shafts were carried up above the surface of the water, and terminated in small chambers called air-locks, each having one outside door and one door into the shaft, both air-tight. After the caisson was sunk powerful engines forced air into the caisson until it expelled all the water, then men entered the air-lock, closed the outer door, and opening the shaft door, descended to the caisson. Emerging, they entered the air-lock and first closed the shaft door, after which the outer door of the lock could be opened without permitting the air in the caisson to escape. Both doors of an air-lock were never opened simultaneously. Similarly materials could be passed in and out of the caissons through other locks and shafts with quick-opening doors.

The 73x69-foot Brooklyn north caisson is 53 feet high, with double walls and roof of solid 12x12-inch planed timber, strongly bolted together, and sheathed with heavy plank. The joints between the timbers are thoroughly caulked with oakum and pitch, and the vertical outside corners are bound with heavy iron plates. The space, seven feet high, below the deck or roof, is called the working-chamber, and is traversed by several solid bulkhead walls of heavy timber. All of the caissons were partly built on shore and launched like ships. One of them, weighing 900 tons, was towed to position, and a heavy wall of piles was built partly around it to protect it from the violent tidal current, and the sides were extended up to the required height. It was then filled with concrete above the roof of the working-chamber and inside walls, which, as they gradually sank, were further extended by sections of water-tight timber coffer-dams that were secured to the caisson by iron loops and wedges in such a manner that after the work was completed a diver could go down outside and easily detach them, and allow the timber to float off and be recovered.

The caissons for the two piers of the New York tower have a solid deck five feet thick, strengthened by several 11-ton steel trusses built into it. The lower edges of these caissons are also provided with 30-ton steel plates extended two feet below the bottom of the walls, to form sharp cutting edges.

On the Brooklyn side the caissons were sunk to depths of 81 and 95* feet, which is nearly as deep as such work has ever been carried, and involved great danger and expense on account of the heavy pneumatic pressure required to exclude the water from the caisson. This reached a maximum of more than 45 pounds per square inch above the normal, or four times that of the ordinary free atmosphere, thus exerting a total pressure of about 9000 pounds per square foot, an amount considerably exceeding 100,000 pounds on the surface of a man's body, which, of course, violently disturbs the interior equilibrium. Air was pumped into the caisson through a 6-inch pipe and automatic swinging valve, which would close and prevent the escape of the pressure if the pumps should at any time fail to act.

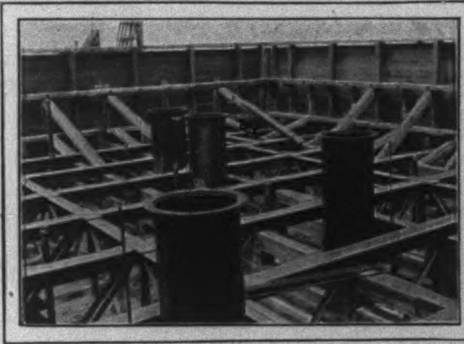
Four large pipes were carried from the working-chamber to above the surface of the water, and as the air-pressure was at first admitted it forced the water out through these pipes. When the men entered the working-chamber they encountered a thin layer of soft mud and slime, deposited as sediment from the river and the sewers. This was washed by hydraulic jets into pools, in which the flexible hose extensions of the vertical

INTERIOR OF A CHAMBER IN A CAISSON 90 FEET BELOW THE SURFACE.

* The excavations were continued further to a maximum depth of about 106 feet below mean high-water.

pipes were submerged. The pressure of the caisson air on the surface of the pool forced an almost continuous thick stream up through the pipe, and discharged it above the surface of the river. Much of the underlying material was thus easily and rapidly disposed of. After the mud and sand were thus excavated, and the caisson had descended to hard earth, the material was loosened by pick and shovel, and a high-pressure jet of water through a small nozzle was used to cut and bore into the hard surface. Gravel and bowlders were loaded by hand into 3-foot cylindrical iron buckets and hoisted out by steam-derricks through shafts and air-locks. On the Brooklyn side, when the depth became very great, the caisson work was so exhausting that steam-elevators were provided to raise and lower the men.

The visitor was questioned if he was quite well and his heart perfectly sound. If so, he removed his outer clothing, donned hip-boots, a rubber coat and slouch-hat, and accompanied by one of the engineer corps, climbed up a short ladder and entered the circular cage of a passenger-elevator that was protected by strong wire-netting sides and roof, and was lowered fifty feet through a steel cylinder, like a smoke-stack. Arrived at the bottom, the party crawled into a circular chamber in which twenty men could stand, and its massive steel door was pushed tight against a thick rubber cushion on the side of the steel shell of the air-lock in which the party had now arrived. The engineer opened a valve and immediately there came a hissing and roaring as the heavy air-pressure was admitted from the caisson, and the temperature rapidly increased 20 degrees or more. The experienced ones took



INTERIOR OF TEMPORARY COFFER-DAM.

long breaths, closed their lips, and pinched their nostrils tightly together, at the same time making strong efforts to blow through them, and thus tending to balance in the lungs and head the increased pressure outside the body. After a few seconds the engineer closed the valve, and every one rested a moment. Then the process was repeated again and again. The least unpleasant sensation experienced was similar to that felt by a diver when the water has penetrated his ears, and the more disagreeable ones were very severe pains through the head. Finally, after about five minutes the pressure became equal to that in the working-chamber, a trap-door in the bottom of the lock was opened, and swinging downward, permitted the visitors to crawl singly through a small circular hole in the floor and descend a ladder in a 3-foot steel shaft to the bottom of the working-chamber.

Here the thick foggy atmosphere was saturated with moisture and faintly illuminated by incandescent lights. Overhead was the solid roof supporting thousands of tons of masonry. On either side massive timber walls divided the great chamber into long galleries whose extremities were lost in the darkness, and which were crossed here and there by great beams and heavy iron rods. Some distance below the bottoms of the walls, which really looked like huge ceiling beams, was the irregular surface of the pit, dug into all manner of hills and valleys, projecting masses and deep holes. Here were large bowlders, and there beds of solid clay or pools of thick muddy water, and everything was dark and grimy and oozing with water and slime. No distinct noises could be heard from the surface of the river nearly one hundred feet above, but the air seemed oppressive, voices were thin and weak, and it was difficult to hear distinctly. The temperature was over 80 degrees, even in cold weather, and the dozen or twenty laborers were often stripped to their boots and trousers, their white skins gleaming through the splotches of mud with which they were covered from head to foot. Some of them were digging with pick and shovel, some loading earth and rock into the iron buckets, and guiding them through the black chimneylike holes in the roof of the caisson as they were swiftly and silently hauled up from above. Others were prying up seamy rock with crow-bars, or breaking it with huge two-handed sledges. Some were drilling holes for blasting, and others were holding the nozzle of the great flexible hose under water to suck up the sand and mud through the blow-off.

The timbers of the huge "cutting" edge could be seen embedded in the solid ground which had been excavated inside five or ten feet below the bearing surface, so that only the toughness of the clay prevented the water from bursting in under the edge of the caisson. In that case no more serious casualty could have been likely to result than the driving of the inmates to the top of the chamber, whence the air could not escape, and where they would still be in safety. It was desirable, however, to prevent such an occurrence and avoid the leakage of air under the cutting edge. Therefore one or two men were kept continually at work kneading large balls of clay, which they threw with all their force against the bank and lower edge of the wall, and then plastered it solidly over them. When a dynamite charge was exploded it was only necessary to retreat a few steps behind a timber wall. Perhaps some one attempted to whistle, and found that with the utmost effort it was impossible on account of the tremendous pressure to blow against. To leave the caisson, the party entered the air-lock, pulled up the trap-door with a small set of pulleys and a rope, and opened another valve which very gradually released the air-pressure. As the pressure diminished, the air became intensely cold, and sometimes so much moisture in it was condensed as to form ice, choking up the outlet pipe.

On leaving their work, the "Sand Hogs," as the caisson men are called, enter a lounging-room, which is steam-heated to a high temperature, and are liberally provided with strong black coffee. Every provision is made for their comfort and welfare, and when they are temperate and careful few of them suffer seriously from their dangerous work, but as their wages are very high, and leisure abundant, temptations for dissipation are correspondingly great. It is often impossible to persuade them to take sufficient care and rest,

A CAISSON, BEFORE LAUNCHING.

avoid stimulants, and have a proper diet, so that frequent cases of the "bends," or caisson disease, have occurred. This sometimes takes the form of a collapse, paralysis, or fainting fits when the man emerges from the caisson, or it may be cramps or resemble rheumatism, and cause great pain in the joints. If it is a serious case, the sufferer is immediately taken to the hot-room, and treated by stimulants, massage, and the methods employed to restore animation to a partly drowned person. The patient usually responds to this treatment, and is able to continue his work after a short time. No fatal cases of the bends have occurred on this work, but they frequently do in deep caisson work.

As the compression of the air which is forced into the caisson develops an enormous amount of heat, it is necessary to cool it artificially so as to make the temperature endurable for the workmen. In cold weather this has been effected by discharging a jet of water into the air-pipe so as to evaporate in a fine spray, but in the summer this did not suffice, and so the air supplied was carried after compression through a coil, nearly a mile long, of small pipes suspended below the surface of the river.

When the caisson leaned a little from the vertical, it was easily righted by excavating more under one edge and increasing the load there. When sound rock was reached it was cleaned off and the surface approximately levelled in steps, then buckets of concrete were lowered through the shaft and emptied and rammed in solid layers, filling the caisson and shafts. The concreting work was particularly severe and disagreeable, both because it was heavy labor, and because the space becoming more and more restricted and without ventilation made the air very foul and oppressive. Each gang of caisson men numbered about sixteen, and down to a depth of 70 feet worked two alternate shifts of three hours a day, for which each man received $2 75. For every ten feet farther that they descended the duration of the shift was diminished and the pay increased until at last each man received $3 75 for working forty-five-minute shifts. The rate of caisson-sinking, of course, varied, and in the north Brooklyn caisson was sometimes as much as five feet in five days. This bridge has been designed and is being constructed under the supervision of Chief-Engineer L. L. Buck, M. Am. Soc. C. E.

THE BRITISH NAVY. *By Arnold White*

THE British navy is an amalgam of tradition, science, and imagination. Answers to a hundred vexed questions still await the shock of a naval war where both sides are brave, efficient, and well equipped. The strength of tradition in the navy is shown by the fact that the food of the bluejackets of the British navy in time of war is legally in the same position as in the eighteenth century. The conservatism of the British sailor is ineradicable. The rations served out to him by the State are practically the same as they were in Nelson's time—namely, corned beef, salt pork, hard biscuit, rum, salt, water, and a few other necessaries. In the British navy the state does not work the canteens. On the flag-ships in the Mediterranean Maltese bumboat men are carried who mend the fare of Jack by skilful cooking and industrious catering. In time of war the Maltese bumboat man would probably decline to risk his skin in action, and unless the Admiralty wakes up and devises some plan based on the excellent American system adopted during the blockade of Santiago the British tar may have to fight the French on the same fare as that consumed by his pigtailed predecessors in the last French war. The standard of comfort on shore throughout all classes has increased so much that if the food of Nelson's day were issued to the fleet in time of war there would be discontent. I have recently had the opportunity of visiting the Mediterranean fleet. It is the crack squadron of the British navy. Mediterranean smartness is the envy of all British naval commanders not on the station. The Channel Squadron is but a depot or training fleet for the Mediterranean command. The fare of the sailors, accordingly, of the principal British fleet is an important topic. The seamen and firemen desire an improved dietary in the shape of better biscuit than the hardtack that carries us back to Benbow's time. The preserved potatoes served out to the British navy maintain traditions of the Crimea nearly fifty years ago. Coffee and sugar served out on first turning out in the morning, tea with condensed milk, corned meat or butter, the establishment of service canteens in every ship under Admiralty regulations, and the paymaster to be empowered to purchase perishable provisions at local ports, are the principal changes desired by the men in their messing. They are an interesting people, these British sailors. Since the authorities started the plan of catching them young and training them for the service their conduct has immensely improved. Since 1812 there has been little or no opportunity of showing their quality in fight at sea, but their behavior on land is some earnest that the stuff they are made of is not inferior to that of their rum-drinking, and licentious predecessors.

The officers of the British navy are also caught young. They are required to pass through the *Britannia*, a training-ship, at present anchored in the beautiful waters of the Dart not far from Plymouth. At the age of fourteen they begin to learn the lesson of command, the sanctity of duty, and the seriousness of life. By the time he is twenty-three a British lieutenant or sublieutenant has acquired that indefinable power and authority over his men which is only too often absent in the officers of the sister service where sergeants and corporals do the bulk of the work of a regiment. The manner in which a naval lieutenant drills his men, the alacrity, cheeriness, and vim with which his orders are obeyed, present a marked contrast to the scenes at Aldershot or in many barrack drill-yards or exercise grounds on foreign stations. An English subaltern of the line can generally manage to get through his work, when not on special duty, in a couple of hours. In the navy an officer's duties extend the round of the clock, with short intervals, seven days a week, except when on leave. The rule in the British army is that officers are rewarded if they do their duty. In the navy they are punished if they fail to do it.

The great complexity and difficulty of the duties devolving on naval officers in modern times tend to preserve the best specimens for promotion and to eliminate duffers. Favoritism in the navy is bitterly alleged by capable officers without influential friends, but as a rule the favoritism objected to is that of an admiral or an Admiralty official who picks one capable man instead of another. In only one instance have I heard of feminine influence being brought to bear in favor of an officer who might otherwise have been passed over for promotion. To the average eye and intelligence the British bluejacket, cadet, midshipman, lieutenant, commander, and post-captain are as good as they need be. When we come to the admirals there is another tale to be told. Seniority, where all are efficient, is a good enough rule, but with men who only attain flag rank after they are forty, physical efficiency varies in so marked a degree that many naval authorities are in favor of abolishing seniority altogether from the admirals' list. There is a disinclination on the part of the authorities to pass over a blameless officer of exemplary habits whose claim to a command is simply that of seniority. What is called in the navy "Buggins's turn" has done a great deal of harm. More than one incompetent man has been placed in high command simply because it was Admiral "Buggins's" turn to be employed. The proposal that all rear-admirals and vice-admirals shall take their place on an alphabetical list, and that all appointments to high command shall be by selection, is one that meets with favor on the ground that one incapable admiral can do more harm to the empire than ten incapable generals. In the next war there will be no room for a maritime Methuen or Gatacre, for the simple reason that there will be no time for a naval Roberts to come to the rescue or to redeem the situation that will be created by defeat in a pitched battle at sea.

Admirals, moreover, in future, of all nations, will have a very different task thrown on them to anything recorded in history. When Nelson was struck down by the bullet from the mizzen-top of the *Redoutable* he was pacing up and down quietly with Hardy. When he died a boat was sent to inform Collingwood

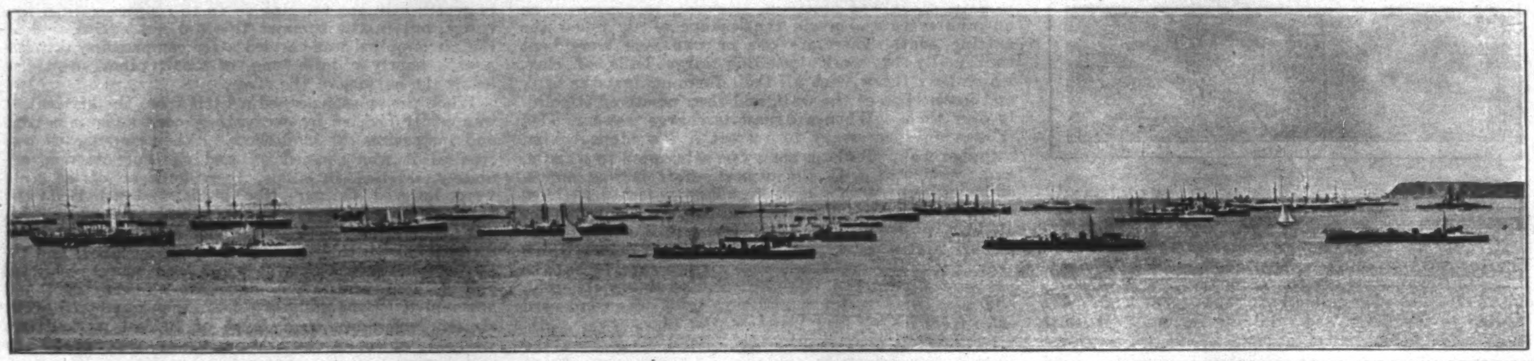
of the fact. Collingwood was found munching an apple under a heavy fire. In the naval engagements of the future admirals will not munch apples or pace the deck with their flag-captains. They will be shut up in the conning-tower, if there is room for them, and if killed, in all probability the fact will not be known until after the action is concluded. The nerve strain on the admiral, the concentration of functions devolving on him, and the immense increase of responsibility thrown on the captains of battle-ships, owing to the focus of guns, torpedoes, machinery, and all the nerves of the ship and the fleet in the conning-tower, is an element in future warfare that does not seem to have engaged the attention of British naval constructors to the extent that it deserves. On the naval actions of the future, where line-of-battle ships are opposed by vessels of the same class, naval warfare of the last ten years sheds no light. The next time ironclads are in action, of equal strength, and equally well commanded, the battle will teach the naval powers of the world much that is now unknown. The conning-towers of the larger battle-ships do not seem to be altogether well contrived. The death of the admiral is an event so likely that its occurrence should be provided for. The loss of a general in action is comparatively rare. Although he does not enjoy immunity, his place, as a rule, is not in the fighting-line. An admiral, however, is in as much danger as the modern equivalent to a powder-monkey. One of two things must happen, therefore. Either means must be contrived for communicating the fact of the admiral's death to his second in command, who is on board another ship, or a chief of the staff, possibly two, must be appointed, with dormant commissions to come into action on the death of the admiral, and thus maintain continuity of idea throughout the action. If the flag-captain be chosen as chief of the staff, then it is evident that he in his turn will require an alternate or understudy. The whole system of replacing officers disabled or killed requires more consideration than has yet been accorded to it.

Again, a British admiral, as a rule, does not himself understand the signals which he transmits to his captains. They are translated for him and for them by signal-men who are trained for the purpose. It is as though a general issued orders to regiments to manœuvre or deploy in Chaldee characters unintelligible either to the general himself or to the colonels, majors, and captains of the regiments under his command. Accordingly, considerable efforts are now being made to induce naval commanders to acquire the signal dialect so as to be able to read at sight orders transmitted before and during an action. The saving of even a couple of minutes may possibly mean the difference between success and failure. A dead signal-man might produce a catastrophe. In modern war the early blow is the most effective, decisive and economical in life and treasure. All those things which save time in getting at the enemy and striking him when found commend themselves, therefore, to progressive naval authorities. The Belleville boiler is one of these time-saving appliances. Under the old system from eight to eleven hours were required to get a battle-ship under a full head of steam. With the plan of tubular boilers, twenty minutes is all that is required. Naval officers and members of the House of Commons who have given attention to the matter are hopelessly divided on the question of the Belleville boiler. One side declare that the whole of the French fleet and those vessels of the British fleet fitted with the new boiler are worthless. Their opponents urge that the accidents that have taken place in the boiler-room of ships fitted on the French system are the result of careless stoking or of temporary mishap. Having heard from the highest sources the evidence on both sides, I have come to the conclusion that the tubular boiler system is suffering from measles and hooping-cough, and that when the diseases of infancy have been overcome the enterprise of the French and British Admiralties will be rewarded. The engines and boilers of a transatlantic liner are the monument of the concentrated experience of many lives. When the same amount of brain power has been devoted to the new methods of raising steam the probability is that the tubular boiler will be universally adopted in men-of-war. Economy in coal, though important, is a secondary consideration. Appliances that shorten war by an hour or a day are cheap at any price. The same may be said of the Turbinia principle of propulsion. The success of the *Viper*, engined on this principle, in achieving 43 miles an hour on her builder's trials, has induced the British Admiralty to discontinue building torpedo-boat-destroyers. Not a single vessel of that class is included in the present year's estimates. It is highly problematical whether the admirals in command of our fighting fleets acquiesce in this policy. Swift torpedo-boat-catchers are to modern admirals what frigates were to Nelson. They are the eyes of the fleet. In the war of the future belated battle fleets will be attacked at night by clouds of unarmored cruisers and swift torpedo-catchers. In the daytime, if at sea, they will be shadowed.

Another matter which has already been solved in the American navy remains a burning question in British war-ships. The Board of Admiralty includes the name of no engineering officer. The social position of engineers is inferior to that of the combatant officers. On the other hand, the knowledge which is required to work the fighting box of machinery, which a war-ship has become, is almost entirely the possession of the engineer. The Engineer in Chief of the British navy only gets £1800 a year, and is paid less than the Permanent Secretary who looks after the correspondence.

All this savors of the old-time prejudice against steam, which first materialized in the memorable minute of the Board of Admiralty against its introduction:

"They felt it their bounden duty, upon national and professional grounds, to discourage, to the utmost of their ability, the employment of steam vessels, as they considered that the introduction of steam was calculated to strike a fatal blow to the naval supremacy of the Empire; and to concede to the request preferred would be simply to let in the thin edge of the wedge, and would unquestionably lead to similar demands being made upon the Admiralty from other departments."



THE BRITISH CHANNEL SQUADRON.

THE RETURN OF THE SERGEANT

BY WILLIAM HUNTINGTON WILSON

POSSUM HOLLOW was stirred to its very centre. The Sergeant had arrived the night before, and many of the inhabitants of the Hollow, as soon as they learned it, had hastened over to Aunt Betsy's to have a look at him. But Aunt Betsy had met them at the door and refused them entrance.

"Yer cyarn' see de Sargent dis night!" she had said; "he ti'ed an' gone ter bade. Yer kin see him ter-morrer ez much ez yer's a min' ter, but dis night he gwine stay right hyar wid his ole mammy an' sleep till de sun's up high, fur de Lawd knows he's in need ob res' arter de way he's bin warrin' in Cuby, an' him wid bullits in his laags ez big ez 'taters!"

"Yer doan' say so!" said old Uncle Mose, with great awe in his voice. "Yer doan' say de Sargent's bin wounded, does yer?"

"Yuss, I does!" replied his mother, "an' wounded bad! He so limpy in de laags he kin skeercely walk."

"Well! W-e-l-l!" said Uncle Mose. "Who'd 'a' thought it? I 'clar, Sis' Betsy, dar ain' no tellin' how folks is gwine turn out in dis worl'; an' who'd 'a' thought dat boy Monk, who wuss erbout de mos' triflin'es' nigger in de Holler, an' who 'casioned all ob us sich joy whin he took hisse'f off y'ar befo' las', would ebber turn out like dis, an' come back ter his ole home a-b'arin' de skyars ob battul in his laags fur ter be de pride an' glory ob de place?"

"Hurrah!" "Hurrah!" shouted the small boys in the crowd—"Hur-rah fur de Sargent!"

"Shet up!" Aunt Betsy cried, in a shrill whisper.

"Yer little black debbils, you!" said Uncle Mose, turning fiercely upon the youthful enthusiasts, "ef yer opens yer moufs erg'in I'll wallop yer sho!"

At breakfast next morning Aunt Betsy said to the Sergeant,

"Did yer hyar de 'sturbance las' ebenin'?"

"Wha' 'sturbance?" asked the Sergeant.

"Why ha'f de folks in de Holler wuss eroun' hyar fur ter see yer, an' some ob 'em wuss a-yellin' purty smart, an' I wuss 'fraid it mought wake yer."

"Nebber made me wunk er eye!" replied the Sergeant. "I tell yer, mammy, whin a man's bin sleepin' like I has, wid his hade on de wheel ob a cannon dat's bombardin' an' wid men a standin' plum' ertop ob him a-loadin' in de shells—I tell yer, mammy, it takes a sight mo' noise ter wake him dan dese hyar Holler niggers kin make!"

Aunt Betsy regarded him with admiration.

"Come erlong, Monk," she said, when the meal was over; "I'se gwine ter de sto' an' wants yer ter go wid me; an' de folks, I bets, is a linin' de road a'ready waitin' fur ter see yer."

"Jis' ez soon ez I buckles on ma sword an' pistols, I'se wid yer," said the Sergeant.

"Hyar dar! Keep offen de road!" shouted Uncle Mose. "Doan' you niggers 'fere wid dis percession! Gib de Sargent room, I tell yer! No! Cyarn' none ob yer stan' in de road onless it's Brer Robinson, de preacher. Keep back, all ob yer!"

"Dar he!" shouted a crowd of small darkies perched on the roof of a cabin. "Dar come de Sargent!"

And a moment later those below caught sight of Aunt Betsy's black bonnet coming over the rise, followed shortly by the brown slouch of the Sergeant.

And the crowd, three hundred strong—every man, woman, and child of them—shouted:

"Hurrah fur de Sargent! Hurrah fur de Sargent!"

And amid tumultuous cheering and the frantic waving of hats, aprons, and handkerchiefs, the Sergeant came limping down the slope, with his mother, proud and erect as a king's body-guard, stalking beside him.

The Sergeant was a short, thick-set fellow of about thirty, black and shiny, and with a very large field of white in his eyes. Despite his limping gait he bore himself haughtily and with his head thrown back so far that his chin pointed straight out before him. As he passed between the cheering lines of darkies, he saluted to the right and to the left, using both hands and working his arms as rhythmically as the driving-rods of a locomotive, while he accompanied each double-barrelled salute with the words, "Ma fren's, I thank yer!" spoken in a deep and solemn voice.

Reaching the store the Sergeant and his mother marched gravely and abreast up the steps to the porch; here the Sergeant right-faced and bowed thrice with his hand upon his heart, while his mother, drawn up beside him, dropped three solemn and impressive curtsies. Then, followed by redoubled cheering, they passed in through the open doorway.

"I declar'," said Miss Euphemia Robinson, the preacher's daughter, to Mr. Lincoln Carter, a tall mulatto with a flowered Ascot tie and yellow shoes—"I declar', Mistah Cyarter, ef de sight uv de Sargent's wounded limbs ain't ernough ter bring tears ter de eyes uv a snake! I has never seed nothin' mo' movin' in my life!"

"Huh!" said Mr. Carter. "I guess Monk takes it purty hard, fur he use' ter sot a pow'ful lot ob 'pendence in dem laags, I tell yer, an' many's de lickin' dey hab sabed him, an' some ob 'em frum me."

"You's jelyuss, Mistah Cyarter, dat's what you is!" replied Miss Euphemia, angrily snapping her black and white eyes at him. "You's jelyuss, an' by yo' low-down 'sinuashuns you means ter deflect erpon de brav'ry uv de Sargent; but yo' 'sinuashuns has no weight wid me! He is a *hero*, dat's what he is, an' no low-down nigger like you cyarn't rob him uv de glory uv de name."

"I kin lick him wid ma right han' tied behin' me!" said Mr. Carter.

"Well, an' s'pose you kin! What uv it?" asked Miss Euphemia. "Wid dem wounded limbs uv hisn a chile could lick him. But if you valyers dat hide uv yo'n you'd better not try it, fur de furst thing you knowed de Sargent would be a-lettin' daylight in yer wid his pistols!"

And taking her brother's hand, she walked off towards the store, with her head on the side, and switching herself to show her anger and her contempt of Mr. Carter.

The committee now appeared on the porch, together with the Sergeant.

"Come hyar!" called Uncle Mose; "come hyar, all ob yer!" And when the crowd had gathered below him, he said:

"Ma fren's an' feller-citerzins, we de committy hab wait erpon de Sargent an' bid him welkum in de name ob de Holler which he hab honner so gran'ly. An' we hab 'greed fur ter hole a supper an' speakin' at de Gal'leeans' Hall ter-morrer night, on which 'casion de Sargent hab kin'ly promuss ter 'dress yer, an' ter tell yer ob his 'speeryunces in de war in Cuby. Ebbery man, woman, an' chile is 'vited ter atten' an' ter 'tribute ter de supper, so dat de 'casion may go vibratin' down in hist'ry ez de granduss an' prouduss an' bigguss 'casion which de Holler has ebber knowed! An' now," he said, when the cheering which greeted his announcement had subsided, "yer kin come up an' shake han's wid de Sargent."

The rest of that day and the morning of the next Aunt Betsy was besieged by a crowd of women anxious to learn the Sergeant's favorite dishes.

And having learned the Sergeant's taste in the matter of food, the neighbors returned to their cabins and set vigorously to work to cater to it; and sparks flew from every chimney and smoke covered the Hollow

with a cloud. And men and boys and dogs scoured the country all night for 'possums; and they caught more than forty of them, for the moon was near full and persimmons were ripe.

The hall of the Galilean Fishermen was crowded; every man, woman, and child of the Hollow was there, and there were many others, "country niggers," as the Hollowites called them, who had seen the smoke and smelled the 'possum from afar.

While they waited the coming of the Sergeant, the band played ceaselessly, and the crowd laughed and talked in loud and excited voices. Suddenly the band stopped and with stately tread the committee moved up the aisle, two and two, with the Sergeant between, and when they had gallantly assisted him up the steps to the platform, the crowd broke into frantic cheering, and the band struck in with its loudest piece.

Uncle Mose pounded with his cane upon the table.

"Ordah! Or-dah!" he shouted.

When quiet was restored Uncle Mose said:

"Ma fren's an' feller-citerzins, we hab 'sembled hyar dis night fur ter honor ourselbes by honorin' de Sargent who had honor' us!" (Loud cheering.)

"I won' 'tain yer, ma fren's; some ob yer's gittin' ristliss, an' all ob yer's impayshunt ter hyar de Sargent speak wid his own mouf an' tell yer de 'citin' 'speeruncees he hab had in Cuby. I hab de honor ob presentin' ter yer de pride ob de Holler, de ornerment ob dis country, de hero an' de warr'or ob Cuby, Mistah Sargent Richar'son ob de United States Army ob Voluntyars!"

When the Sergeant arose and came limping to the front of the stage, the audience went fairly wild with enthusiasm. First the Sergeant bowed low and solemnly to the committee, then to the band, then to his mother ("Ain't dat touchin'!" said Miss Euphemia Robinson in a shrill whisper), then to the girls in white on the front seats, then to the audience at large, and throwing back his head and clearing his throat with two impressive coughs, he stretched out his arms before him and began to speak.

"Ma fren's," he said, "I ain' no or'tor, I's a warr'or!" ("Dat's what you is!" exclaimed Uncle Mose.) "An' I feels a sight mo' oneasy a-standin' hyar on dis hyar platform dan ebber I did in Cuby in de face ob a thousan' guns. But, ma fren's, I will do de bes' I kin, an' in a few an' modes' words 'deavor ter tell yer sumpin' ob de war an' ob de part I took in settlin' her. When I done lef' ma place in 'Lanta, Georgy, an' rush ter de front an' 'listed jis' ez soon ez de call come fur voluntyars, de Gineral shook han's wid me. 'Man,' he sez ter me, 'you's de ve'y man I's lookin' fur! I kin see de soul ob de warr'or in yo' eyes. Man!' sez he, 'I wan' yer fur ma body-gyard. Will yer take de place?' 'I will,' sez I, 'pervidin' de place is gwine ter be a hot one, fur I longs ter hab de smell ob powder in ma nose an' de flash ob guns in ma eyes, an' I ain' honin' fur no place in de rear, an' I 'bominates de sight ob a tent,' sez I. 'Dis hyar is de ve'y place you's lookin' fur,' sez de Gineral. 'All you's got ter do is ter stick close by me an' back me up, an' you'll see mo' fightin' in a day dan all de res' ob de army will see in a mont',' he sez. 'Den,' sez I, 'I's yo' man!' An' he 'pinted me body-gyard, wid de rank of Corp'ral, on de spot.

"An' dat ve'y ebenin' we went on bode de Gineral's ship, de bigges' ship in de whole fleet, an' wid so much brass an' gol' trimmin's on her dat she lit up de whole sea like de risin' sun. An' de Gineral tole 'em ter pull up de ankers an' yelled ter de cappins ob de odder ships ter foller him, an' erway we went, our ship in de lead an' a hunderd odder ships a-follerin' behin' us, boun' fur de coas' ob Cuby.

"An' de Gineral an' me sat un'er an awnin' on de top ob de ship an' smoke seegyars an' drunk gin punches an' laid plans fur de carryin' on ob de war. I had a serbant jis' same ex de Gineral, an' all de white sailors tetch dere caps whenebber I parse 'em, jis' like dey did ter de Gineral. An' ez we went a-sailin' ober de blue water, wid de little birds a singin' in de riggin', an' de little feeshes a-jumpin', an' de whales a-blowin', an' de ban' a-playin', I sez ter myse'f, 'Dis hyar's a reg'lar picnic, dat's what it is!' But, ma fren's, dat picnic on'y las' one day, fur dat ve'y night we come ter de coas' ob Cuby an' de war commince; an' dis nigger's han's was mo'n full, I tell yer!

"De Spanyerds war on de sho' waitin' fur us thicker'n flies; an' dey had a Gatlin' gun right down on de edge ob de water an' dey wuss a-layin' low till we come in range so's dey kin pump her at us. An' de Gineral, seein' 'tain' no use ter try an' lan' in de face ob dat dere gun, ordah de ship ter be stop', an' call' back ter de odder cappins ter do de same; an' dar we lay, de whole fleet ob us, nigh ten miles offen de sho', an' dar'sent go no nigher.

"I specks, ma fren's, you is a-wonderin' how dat one little gun kin stop de whole naby ob de United States, an' p'raps some ob yer's a-sayin' ter yerselbes, 'We bet dat Gineral's skeert, dat's what he am!' But you is wrong, ma fren's; dar ain' no braber man libbin' dan de Gineral, but he's got sinse too, an' know a heap mo'n ter monkey wid dat little gun, ez small an' ez no-ercount ez it look. Dat gun, ma fren's, ez we seed froo de telescope, warn' no common, ebbery-day Gatlin' gun, do dey's bad ernough, Heaben knows, but it war a *Double X, self-feedin', self-aimin', self-shootin'* Gatlin' gun, wid a thousan' holes, an' so moughty pow'ful dat it kin shoot a thousan' bullits ter de secon' mo'n nine miles, an' de bullits has keer'sene ile inside ob 'em, an' dey sets fire ter whatsomebber dey hits." ("My Gawd!" exclaimed Uncle Mose.) "An' all yer got ter do wid dat gun is ter sot her up an' leab her, arter habbin' s'plied her wid ernough bullits ter las', an' jis' ez soon ez de t'ing she's a layin' fur hab come wid'in range, dar's some contribance what sets de works ter runnin' inside ob her, an' a little wheel on de top ob her begin to spin so fas' yer cyarn' see it, an' de bullits come a pourin' out, a thousan' ter de secon', an', ez dey sails erlong, dey scatters, an' dey wipes up ebberyt'ing befo' 'em fur mo'n a mile ercross! An' while de t'ing's a-shootin', it plays a chune same ez a music-box." ("Well, I nebber!" said Mr. Carter.) "Dar ain' a one ob dem guns in de whole United States navy; dey has Gatlin' guns, ter be sho', but dey is jis' plain, ord'na'y, ebbery-day Gatlin' guns, an' none ob yer *Double X's*. An' dar warn' anodder ob 'em ennywhar, 'case Spain bought de on'y one in de worl' a week befo' de war commince.

"HYAR DAR! KEEP OFFEN DE ROAD!" SHOUTED UNCLE MOSE.

"When we seed what kin' ob a gun she war an' had stop' de ships, den de Gineral an' me hel' a council ob war. De Gineral war fur turnin' roun' an' goin' home, 'case 'tain' no sinse, he sade, ter fool wid a t'ing like dat. 'De United States doan' hab no idee what she's up erginst!' sez he. 'Gineral,' sez I, 'ain' dar no way ter fix it?' 'No,' sez he, 'none dat I kin see. 'Gineral,' sez I, 'leab de matter ter me.' 'What!' sez he, risin' an' grabbin' me by de han', 'hab yer done 'flected on a plan, Corp'ral?' 'Yis,' sez I, 'I has.' 'Le's hyar it,' sez de Gineral. An' whin I had lay de projec' befo' him, he ups an' sez: 'Corp'ral, I envies yer! You's fo'dained ter be de hero ob de cent'ry, dat's what you is! Ef you does dis t'ing an' libs, yo' name will go ringin' down de ages so loud dat all de odder names will be drownded ceppin' yo'n an' Gineral Grant's, an' ef yer comes back I'll 'pint yer Sargent on de spot!'"

Here the audience broke into such a storm of applause that the building shook and the lamps upon the walls flickered and smoked; and the "country niggers" fell to wrestling and fighting again, and another window was broken and a bench was smashed. And Uncle Mose, throwing his arms about the Sergeant, called him "de preesarber ob his country!" and Pomp Jackson blew such a blast on the big horn that the sashes of the girls in white fluttered straight out behind.

"Ma fren's," said the Sergeant, when the uproar at length ceased, "I thank yer, fur dar ain' nuffin' mo' sweet ter de yars ob a man dan de 'plause ob his fren's. But befo' I perceeds wid dese remarks, wid yer kin' permishun, I will remobe dese weepons, fur I cyarn' speak widout gittin' excited, an' de way dis hyar sword is a-poundin' ma wounded laags ain't good fur 'em."

"Take 'em off!" shouted a voice in the audience. "Take off yer coat ef yer wants ter! Make yerse'f puffec'ly comfor'bul Sargent, an' den let 'er go!"

"Now de nigger's gittin' radey ter lie *right!*" said Lincoln Carter, in a disgusted voice, when suddenly an engulfing wave of silence seemed to roll up the hall from the door. And on the crest of the wave came two white men, one a stranger and the other the sheriff of the county.

The Sergeant caught sight of them while they were yet half-way down the aisle, and, with a hanging jaw and eyes bulging in terror, he dropped his sword, and, making a dash for the window on the side of the stage, threw up the sash and dropped out.

"Catch him!" shouted the sheriff. "Catch that nigger!" And, turning, he and the man with him ran towards the door. "Come on, you fellows; I've got ten dollars for the man that catches him!"

At the door he paused. "Come on," he cried; "he'll take to the woods, and you niggers will have to beat 'em!"

But none offered to follow.

"Mistah Baker, wha' de Sargent done?" asked Uncle Mose. "Hab he deesarted?"

"Deserted from what?"

"Why, frum de army, sah, ter be sho'!" said Uncle Mose.

"No, you old fool! he 'ain' never been in the army. He robbed a Lieutenant las' week down in Charleston, an' took his uniform an' pistols an' money—every blessed thing he had—and lit out. He was bell-boy in a hotel there."

"Ma Gawd!" cried Uncle Mose. "Cotch him! Cotch him! Cotch de lyin' nigger!"

A few moments later the sheriff, followed by every man in the crowd, save the "country niggers," who were too lazy to run, left the building and hastened across the clearing to the woods.

Lincoln Carter was far in advance of the rest.

"Jee-ru-sa-lum!" said young Harrison, "cyarn' de Sargent hoof it!"

"De deceitful nigger!" exclaimed Miss Euphemia. "He 'ain' got no mo' bullits in his laags than I is! I hope ter Lawdy dey'll ketch him!"

But her wish was not to be gratified; for, though they hunted for him all night and through miles and miles of woods, they never, as Uncle Mose afterwards expressed it, "seen ha'r no' hide ob him!"

"I knowed we couldn' cotch him!" said Lincoln Carter, as the tired and disgusted band of pursuers dragged themselves homeward in the early dawn. "Dar nebber wuss a nigger wid sich laags fur runnin'! I spects he's ha'f-way froo de nex' State by now!"

"Well," said Uncle Mose, when they emerged at last from the woods and saw the hall standing before them, bathed in the first rays of the rising sun, "I t'ank de good Lawd he's a-runnin' on an empty stummick, an' 'ain' got none ob dat supper inside ob him!"

At these words, smiles lit up the haggard faces of the men, and many of them smacked their lips aloud, for few of them had eaten since the middle of the day before, having held themselves back for the supper. They were nigh famished, and, so eager were they for food, and for such food as that which awaited them, that, tired and foot-sore though they were, they now broke into a run towards the hall.

The building seemed deserted.

"I speck de sisters is all ti'ed out an' gone home ter bade," said Uncle Mose, trying his hardest to keep up with the rest.

"Co'se dey has!" replied Mr. Carter, "but dey knowed how hungry we'd be whin we come back, an' I doan' speck de supper is hardly tetched!"

"Dar will be moughty nigh er 'possum erpiece!" panted Uncle Mose; and he drew the air in between his teeth with a sucking sound and gave a weak but joyous chuckle.

Uncle Mose was old and Mr. Carter was fat, and the others outran them across the clearing by a hundred yards. When they reached the door, they met Pomp Jackson coming out. His black face had turned to an ashen gray, and he staggered like a man that is drunk.

"What de matter, Pomp?" gasped Uncle Mose. "Yer ain' goin' erway widout eatin', is yer?"

"Yuss!" replied Pomp Jackson, his voice sounding as though it came from an empty cellar. "I is! Dar ain' a blessed t'ing lef'! De room is ez bar' ez a bone!

"'Tain' nuffin' lef'," he said, rocking himself on his short legs and shaking his head, "nuffin' 'tall. De country niggers done carry it all erway. Dey stuff demselbes till dey mos' radey ter bus', an' den dey took what war lef'. All ob you wuss erway an' dar warn' none could stop 'em. An' some ob 'em druv off wid whole roas' peegs in dere laps, an' wid de bottom ob dere cyarts piled higher'n de seat wid 'possum an' jelly cake an' jars ob preesarbs. An'—an' I on'y had de laag ob a duck an' one piece ob cake no bigger'n ma han', an' nuffin' mo'! An'—an'—"

He broke into a loud and angry wail.

Uncle Mose stretched his arms out on the step above, and laying his wrinkled face upon them, sobbed audibly, weakened by his long chase and fast.

"Come, Uncle Mose!" said Lincoln Carter, shaking him by the shoulder, "doan' gib way like dis! It cyarn' be help'."

"Oh, Gawd: Gawd!" he sobbed, "hab pity on me! Ma heart is full ob murder fur de Sargent an' dem country niggers, an' ma stummick's emptier'n a dry well! An' dat *roas' peeg!* An' dat *'possum!* An' dat *jelly cake!* Oh, *Gawd! Gawd!* I cyarn' stan' it *nohow!*"

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

BOTH as a type and as an individual the late Collis P. Huntington was one of the most interesting of Americans. It can be said without much fear of dispute that he succeeded in life. He set out to be a rich man, beginning when he was fourteen years old, and by hard work and economy in early life, and hard work, dexterity, intelligence, and courage in later life, he had the satisfaction of dying in a somewhat conspicuous state of solvency. One can hardly escape the conviction that he put his faculties to the use for which they were intended, and worked fairly out what was in him. He seems never to have degenerated into a mere money-making machine. He was a man all his life, and it was a long life fully lived out. What he did and what he was are more interesting than the tale of his accumulations. If his life could be written by a master, not as a decorous memoir, but as a novel of adventure, what a capital book it would make! It should be so written. It is sad that he did not leave an autobiography. The type that he represented, the men of the last half-century in the United States, who were leaders in the material development of the country, ought to be put into books, but none seems to be doing it. We get stories of swashbucklers in Tudor England, and fighting gentlemen of all periods of French history, and of eminent pirates and sea-fighters of various times, but our great captains of industry, thrift, and finance don't get into literature. They ought to, if only in consideration of the enormous booty they have brought into port. Stevenson in *Treasure Island* tells how Flint, of desperate memory, having buried his huge accumulations on the island, and murdered his six helpers, comes aboard ship with a bandage around his head and announces to his mutinous crew who ask him where the treasure is, "You can go ashore, if you like, and stay, but as for the ship, she'll beat up for more, by thunder!" It is a fine picture of indomitable purpose, but it is somewhat grievous that it is likely to be familiar in the minds of youth, while the story goes practically untold of Huntington sleeping restfully after laborious days, lulled by the consciousness that his debts were so enormous that the banks were bound to see that he did not fail. Nor did he fail. Ever, like Flint, he bound up his hurts and beat up for more. Somehow, as we look on and meditate, there seems to be a great deal in common between a successful pirate of the seventeenth century and a successful railroad king, or trust magnate, or empire-builder of the nineteenth. The personal habits of our strenuous projectors, are, as a rule, far superior to those of Flint and his like; they are abler, wiser, and command much better legal advice, and turn earlier to respectability, and even sometimes to piety. They ripen better into honored old age. But they all have in a high degree the undying purpose illustrated in Flint to beat up for more, and most of them combine with it a vast respect for Rob Roy's good old rule,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

IT is possible that we vaunt ourselves somewhat overmuch on the world's progress in moralities and mercies since the seventeenth century. The rules of conduct are better now, but whenever the rules happen for any reason to be suspended it is somewhat appalling to notice to what extent the reversion to ancient practices obtains. None of us thinks that there are any kinder or more civilized soldiers anywhere than ours, yet very distressing stories of killings done by our troops in the prosecution of their business in the Philippines keep coming to hand. The veracity of these tales cannot always be established, but their probability is obvious, because they narrate events of a sort that would naturally and almost inevitably happen in such a war as that in the Philippines. In fighting of that sort women and children get killed, just as they have often been killed in Indian warfare where United States troops have surprised Indian villages. That is an inevitable part of every war of subjugation, and persons who laud war partly, for its own sake must reckon with all these incidental killings as among its drawbacks. We read tales of rude fighting done by Russians in China, and of summary methods used there by the Japanese for the disposition of Chinese prisoners. Happily none of that blood is on our heads. Our errand in China has been to save life, not to take it, and we cling with reassuring constancy to that view of our mission.

OUR indomitable friends of the Women's Christian Temperance Union have been as active as ever this summer in their fight against the liquor-sellers. At Poughkeepsie, during the closing days of last month, they contended with desperate energy against the Saloon-keepers' Convention, and are credited by some observers with having prayed their adversaries out of town. At any rate the saloon-keepers adjourned their meeting a day sooner than was expected, and the president of their organization, Mr. Peter McGinn, of New York, declared in his report to his brethren that the Anti-Saloon League was a fanatical band which was reaching out to ruin the liquor traffic. There is no doubt at all that that is its purpose. Mr. McGinn said: "It is a pity that this fanatical movement has secured such a foothold. It is the plain duty of this association to fight these enemies of legitimate trade to a standstill." It looks as if Mr. McGinn and his friends were a good deal disconcerted. Their foes fought hard, placarded the town against them, warned all male residents away from their vicinity, prayed for them, sang hymns within hearing of their meetings, and did everything they could to make things dismal for them.

ANOTHER W. C. T. U. movement that has been the subject of a good deal of comment is the scheme of sundry women in Indiana to use the iniquitous endless-chain device to excite an enormous torrent of prayer against the election of President McKinley because he has not abolished the army canteen. The prayer-chain pledge calls for prayers until election day that the United States may have "a better man for President, who will keep wine from the White House table, and will be a total abstainer himself, and do what he can to overthrow the liquor traffic." It seems doubtful whether this prayer is constitutional. Former Governor Bushnell of Ohio is sure that it was got up by Democratic politicians. Mrs. Stevenson, president of the W. C. T. U. in Massachusetts, is sure it wasn't, and attributes it to Mrs. McWhirter of Indiana, "a beautiful soul and very much in earnest." Mrs. Stevenson, however, disapproves the endless-chain scheme in any form. Mrs. McWhirter's plan seems not to have struck terror to the hearts of the Republican committee, or even to have affected the terms of election wagers, but the canteen matter has become an issue of sufficient apparent importance to warrant General Corbin in issuing a statement about it. He says the army canteen, where only beer and light wines are sold, is a device for the decrease of drunkenness in the army, and that it works well to that end. Readers of the WEEKLY know all about the canteen, and can judge how ill advised the opposition to it is.

NEW HAVEN is a progressive town. It has in operation an experimental line of automobile omnibuses, the operation of which is a matter of much interest to all persons who have projects for starting similar lines. The New Haven 'buses, which are owned by a cab company, were built in Chicago and cost $6000 each. Inside and out they seat twenty-five people, and they run on Orange Street from East Rock to the Union Station. There are three of them. It costs $125 a week to run them. It is expected that as the town fills up this month they will begin to carry passengers enough, at a five-cent fare, to make them profitable. Their defects as vehicle include troubles with rubber tires and a tendency to break down.

Another thing that New Haven has which few towns of her size can boast of is a symphony orchestra. It is five years old, and its continuance has just been assured by a vote of the Yale corporation to assume the financial responsibility for its existence and development in the future. As time goes on and New York gets bigger, New Haven seems likely to develop valuable possibilities as a place of residence for persons who want to live far enough from New York to be out of it and still be near enough to reach it quickly at a pinch. So long as you live in a suburb you are not out of New York, but New Haven is two hours away, and is a town of strong and vigorous individuality. It would seem bound to do for New York in greater measure than it does at present what Princeton has begun to do—that is, to offer the comforts of life in an interesting small city to New-Yorkers of a retiring disposition who do not have to come to town to work.

NEITHER the public nor the doctors seem generally to have reached any conclusion on either of the pending canal questions. It is still under discussion whether it would pay to spend $60,000,000 or any sum whatever in deepening and enlarging the Erie Canal. It is still under discussion whether the Nicaragua or the Panama route is the better for the ship-canal that seems inevitable between the Atlantic and Pacific. The voters of New York must decide one of these questions. The voters of the United States may want to have a say as to the other, unless, indeed, it is finally carried through as a private enterprise.

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S church in Boston has excited some of its contemporaries and drawn the attention of the thoughtful generally by calling to be its associate pastor Professor Edward Cummings, of Harvard, who is not a minister at all, but a student and teacher of social problems and a promoter of social reforms. The bonds of creed lie very light on Unitarian clergymen, but still there is novelty in having an acknowledged layman for pastor of a church. Apparently Professor Cummings is very well qualified for the work he has been called to, and if he accepts the call, the precedent is not unlikely to be followed. The development of what is called the institutional side of churches nowadays has gone so far, and is so important, that men who are qualified to manage that department of church work must be as much in request as are preachers of acceptable theology. And after all, if the true pastor is known by his works, rather than by his rhetoric or his professions, it is possible that that method of demonstrating pastoral fitness may prove not to be altogether unscriptural.

THE fidelity of Maine voters to their Congressmen is illustrated by the renomination of Congressman Boutelle to the seat which he has long held with distinction. Since last December Mr. Boutelle's mind has been affected and he has been under treatment in a hospital. It seems to be uncertain what his condition is or whether he will recover, but there seems to be very little doubt of his re-election by the usual large majority.

Maine is famous for keeping able men in Congress. It seems to be understood that Maine Congressmen shall keep their seats as long as they are worthy and their constituents can elect them. The result has been that Maine is always ably represented by men of commanding influence who have learned the business of legislation by years of experience. It is said that Boutelle's nomination is really the expression of the attachment of his friends who know that he needs his salary and fear that it would kill him to be set aside. They remember his past services and present needs. His Democratic opponent is not making an active campaign, but is quoted as saying that for him to bestir himself would be a violation of political etiquette. "If I made a move to secure the election," he has said, "the people here would double Mr. Boutelle's plurality."

NO American who observes that the work of thrashing the Boers is now almost complete, and who wishes to believe that whatever is, is right, should fail to read, in September HARPER'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Julian Ralph's discourse about "The Teuton Tug of War." It is a most interesting setting forth of his impressions of the South-African war. He makes clearer than they have been made before the extraordinary topographical conditions which enabled the Boers to make such an extraordinary showing at the start. When Mr. Ralph first got back to London from South Africa he wrote pretty dismally about the war; but now his spirits are somewhat better, and his sentiments more earnestly pro-British than ever. He dwells upon "the extraordinary magnanimity, forbearance, and leniency" with which the British are treating both the Boers and the disaffected Cape Dutch, and says we Americans could not have matched it. He exhibits the Boers as the ablest liars on earth, and attributes to them sins of treachery, jealousy, and inelegance which recommend them to our displeasure. He practically canonizes Lord Roberts, and indeed that seems not difficult, for all accounts agree about "Bobs" that he is a saintly soldier, and as noble in his character as he is wonderful in his achievements.

Mr. Ralph himself, it seems, is far from well yet. The newspapers quoted him the other day as speaking with the utmost disparagement of the condition of his nerves and his general physical state. We must all hope for his restoration to complete vigor, for whatever he writes is good reading, and we need all his reassurances about the righteousness and general propriety of the recent conduct of our British brethren in South Africa.

MR. RALPH'S article has one depressing effect. It recalls how very difficult it is to get at the rights of questions that arise, or occurrences that happen, about 10,000 miles away. Mr. Ralph instinctively presents the case in South Africa as that of a devoted band of courteous Christian British gentlemen resisting with profound courage the accomplishment of a treacherous project of the malignant Boers. The British have been at work, he says expressly, on "the new problem which the Boers last October challenged them to master or retire from Africa." We read Mr. Ralph's piece, and sympathize with all he says and feel as he does; but presently there comes along a piece from Mr. R. H. Davis, or some other good writer, who has been with the Boers, and seen and heard their side, and who can tell a story about as well as Mr. Ralph. With him, too, we have to sympathize, even though he calls the war a crime, and finds the British sometimes ungentle, and insists that some Boers are patriots. Truly the little learning that the superficial reader of periodicals gets about such wars as those in the Transvaal or the Philippines is a dangerous thing, and makes for perplexity and unsettled opinions.

LUMBERMEN are cutting down the big trees of California. The Mariposa Grove is protected, but a report lately made to the Department of Agriculture says that most of the other groves are in process or danger of being logged. The finest of all, the Calaveras Grove, which has the biggest trees, came into possession of a lumberman last April. Some of these trees are from 4000 to 5000 years old; older than the Pyramids and most of the temples in Egypt. Congress can save these groves by making national parks of them, and an effort will be made to have it done next winter. But it will have to be done quickly if it is to succeed. It comes near being sacrilege to put these venerable monsters through lumber-mills. Every month nowadays some of them come down.

Mr. Dooley*

XXXVIII.—ON THE TROUBLES OF A CANDIDATE.

"I WISHT th' campaign was over," said Mr. Dooley.

"I wisht it 'd begin," said Mr. Hennessy. "I niver knew annything so dead. They 'ain't been so much as a black eye give or took in th' ward, an' it's less thin two months to th' big day."

"'Twill liven up," said Mr. Dooley. "I begin to see signs iv th' good times comin' again. 'Twas on'y th' other day me frind Tiddy Rosenfelt opened th' battle mildly be insinuatin' that all Dimmycrats was liars, horse-thieves, an' arnychists. 'Tis thrue he apologized f'r that be explainin' that he didn't mean all Dimmycrats, but on'y those that wudden't vote f'r Mack, but I think he'll take th' copper off befure manny weeks. A ladin' Dimmycratic rayformer has suggested that Mack, though a good man f'r an idjiot, is surrounded be th' vilest scoundhrels iver seen in public life since th' days iv Joolyus Cæsar. Th' Sicrety iv th' Threeasury has declared that Mr. Bryan in sayin' that silver is not convartible be th' terms iv th' Slatthry bankin' law iv 1870, an' th' sicond clause iv th' threaty iv Gansville, has committed th' onpard'nable pollytical sin iv so consthructin' th' facts as to open up th' possibility iv wan not knowin' th' thrue position iv affairs, misundhersthandin' intirely. If he had him outside he'd call him a liar. Th' Raypublicans have proved that Willum Jennings Bryan is a thraitor be th' letther written be Dr. Lem Stoggins, th' cillybrated anti-thought agytator iv Spooten Duyvil to Aggynaldoo, in which he calls upon him to do nawthin' till he hears fr'm th' doc. Th' letther was sint through th' postal authorities, an' as they have established no post-office in Aggynaldoo's hat, they cudden't deliver it, an' they opened it. Upon r-readin' th' letther Horace Plog, iv White House, Minnesota, has wrote to Willum Jennings Bryan declarin' that if he (Plog) iver wint to th' Ph'lippeens, which he wud've done but f'r th' way th' oats was sproutin' in th' stack, an' had been hit with a bullet, he'd ixpict th' coroner to hold Bryan to th' gran' jury. This was followed be th' publication iv a letther fr'm Oscar L. Swub, iv East Persepalis, Ohio, declarin' that his sister heerd a cousin iv th' man that wash'd buggies in a livery-stable in Canton say Mack's hired man tol' him Mack'd be hanged befure he'd withdhraw th' ar-rmy fr'm Cubia.

"Oh, I guess th' campaign is doin' as well as cud be ixpicted. I see be th' Raypublican pa-apers that Andhrew Carnegie has come out f'r Bryan, and has conthributed wan-half iv his income or five hundhred millyon dollars to th' campaign fund. In th' Dimmycratic pa-apers I r-read that Chairman Jim Jones has inthercipted a letther fr'm th' Prince iv Wales to Mack congratulatin' him on his appintmint as gintleman-in-waitin' to th' Queen. A dillygation iv Mormons has started fr'm Dimmycratic headquarthers to thank Mack f'r his manly sthand in favor iv poly-gamy, an' th' Raypublican comity has undher con-sideration a letther fr'm long-term criminals advisin' their collagues at large to vote f'r Willum Jennings Bryan, th' frind iv crime.

"In a few short weeks, Hinnissy, 'twill not be safe f'r ayther iv th' candydates to come out on th' fr-ront porch till th' waitin' dillygations has been sarched be a polisman. 'Tis th' divvle's own time th' la-ads that r-runs f'r th' Prisidincy has since that ol' boy Burchard broke loose again' James G. Blaine. Sinitor Jones calls wan iv his thrusty hinchmen to his side, an' says he: 'Mike, put on a pigtail an' a blue shirt, an' take a dillygation iv Chinnymen out to Canton an' congrathlate Mack on th' murdher iv mission'ries in China. An',' he says, 'ye might stop off at Cincinnati on th' way over an' arrange f'r a McKinley an' Rosenfelt club to ilict th' British consul its prisidint, an' attack th' office iv th' German newspa-aper,' he says. Mark Hanna rings f'r his sicrety, an' says he: 'Have ye got off th' letther fr'm George Fred Willums advisin' Aggynaldoo to pizen th' wells?' 'Yes, sir.' 'An' th' secret communication fr'm Bryan found on an arnychist at Patherson askin' him to blow up th' White House?' 'It's in th' hands iv th' type-writer.' 'Thin call up an emplymint agency an' have a dillygation iv Jesuites dhrop in at Lincoln, with a message fr'm th' Pope proposin' to bur-rn all Protestant churches the night befure iliction.'

"I tell ye, Hinnissy, th' candydate is kept movin'. Whin he sees a dillygation pikin' up th' lawn he must be r-ready. He makes a flyin' leap f'r th' chairman, seizes him be th' throat, an' says: 'I thank ye f'r th' kind sintimints ye have conveyed. I am, indeed, as ye have remarked, th' riprisintative iv th' party iv manhood, honor, courage, liberality, an' American thraditions. Take that back to Jimmy Jones an' tell him to put it in his pipe an' smoke it.' With which he bounds into th' house an' locks th' dure while th' baffled conspirators goes down to a customer an' changes their disguise. If th' future Prisidint hadn't been quick on th' dhraw he'd been committed to a policy iv sthranglin' all girl babies at birth.

"No, 'tis no aisy job bein' a candydate, an' 'tud be no aisy job if th' game iv photygraphs was th' on'y wan th' candydates had to play. Willum Jennings Bryan is photygraphed smilin' back at his smilin' corn-fields, in a pair iv blue overalls, with a scythe in his hand, borried fr'm th' comp'ny that's playin' 'The Ol' Homestead,' at th' Lincoln Gran' Opry House. Th' nex' day Mack is seen mindin' a rustic chair with a monkey-wrinch. Bryan has a pitcher took in th' act iv puttin' on a shirt marked with th' union label, an' they'se another photygraph iv Mack carryin' a scuttle iv coal up th' cellar stairs. An' did ye iver notice how much th' candydates looks alike, an' how much both iv thim looks like Lydia Pinkham? Thim wondherful boardin'-house smiles that our gifted leaders wears, did ye iver see annythin' so enthrancin'? Whin th' las' photygrapher has packed his ar-rms homeward, I can see th' gr-reat men retirin' to their rooms an' lettin' their faces down f'r a few minyits befure puttin' thim up again in curl pa-apers f'r th' nex' day display. Glory be, what a relief 'twill be f'r wan iv thim to raysume permanently th' savage or fam'ly breakfast face th' mornin' afther iliction! What a relief 'twill be to know f'r sure that th' man at th' dure-bell is on'y th' gas-collector, an' isn't loaded with a speech iv thanks in behalf iv th' Spanish govermint! What a relief to snarl at wife an' frinds wanst more, to smoke a seegar with th' thrust magnate that owns th' cidar facthry near th' station, to take ye'er nap in th' afthernoon undisthurbed be th' chirp iv th' snap-shot! 'Tis th' day afther iliction I'd like f'r to be a candydate, Hinnissy, no matther how it wint."

"An' what's become iv th' Vice-Prisidintial candydates?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "th' las' I heerd iv Aldy, I didn't hear annythin', an' th' las' I heerd iv Tiddy he'd made application to th' naytional comity f'r th' use iv Mack as a soundin'-board."

F. P. DUNNE.

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THE PROGRESS of the CAMPAIGN

THE national campaign for the election of the President has finally passed what might be called the preliminary period and has reached the stage of aggressive work. The time for stump-speaking has arrived. Mr. Bryan, as the head of the Democratic forces and their allies, has begun his speaking trip, and Governor Roosevelt, the spokesman of the Republican national ticket, has started on his extended Western trip, which will last until late in October. Both Colonel Bryan and Governor Roosevelt practically began their campaigning from the same platform, in Chicago on Labor Day. They reviewed the procession together, drove to the speakers' stand together, and were greeted by the cheers of the working-men who passed in review. It was understood that the speeches were to be strictly non-partisan. Governor Roosevelt spoke first, because he had to get an early train back to the East to attend the Republican State Convention at Saratoga. In his address he made one pointed reference to the prosperity of the country, and that was the only utterance which by any possible inference could be termed political. On the other hand, Colonel Bryan, while not mentioning politics directly, made what might be called a political speech, inasmuch as he referred to Militarism, Imperialism, and other living issues of his party. Whether Colonel Bryan violated the proprieties of the occasion is a question of good or bad taste.

Great crowds greeted both Colonel Bryan and Governor Roosevelt at the very outset of their journeys; and Governor Roosevelt, being the greater novelty of the two as a speaker, probably had the better of the rivalry. Colonel Bryan can no longer be regarded as a novelty in stump-speaking, and it was noted as soon as he appeared in the mountain State of West Virginia, where he really began his active campaigning, that he did not draw the crowds which greeted him there four years ago. The crowds that greeted Colonel Roosevelt were limited by their abilities to get near him.

ANOTHER indication that the national campaign is on in earnest is the fact that what might be called the preliminary elections are practically over. On the Democratic side Arkansas has spoken, and on the Republican side Vermont has registered her opinion on the issues of the day. As this copy of the WEEKLY goes to its readers the Maine election is being held, and that will be the end of the voting until the votes are cast for Presidential electors in all of the States in the first week in November. Arkansas gave a plurality of about 40,000 for the Democratic State ticket. There was opposition by the Populists and Republicans, and in addition Mr. Jeff Davis, the Attorney-General of the State, and famous warrior against all manner of trusts, who ran for Governor on the Democratic ticket, was not over-popular. The consequence was that the Republicans made notable gains, and actually carried several counties, one of which was that in which Chairman Jones of the National Democratic Committee resides.

The returns from Vermont show that the Republicans carried the State by 31,500. Four years ago they carried it by about 38,000. Only two years ago, however, their majority was reduced to 23,000. The result, like the result in Arkansas, was not entirely satisfactory to the dominant party in the State. Nevertheless, inasmuch as these elections are considered as straws showing the direction of the political wind, the Republicans regarded the figures from Vermont as a sure indication of victory in November, but not by the enormous pluralities that were rolled up in the Eastern States in 1896. The Republicans expect to lose somewhat in the East, because of the return of many of the Gold Democrats to the Democratic party, and because of the agitation over the so-called Anti-Imperialism issue, but they also expect to make great gains and heavy inroads on the Democratic ranks in the States west of the Mississippi.

Inasmuch as the results in Arkansas and Vermont are practically non-decisive, the returns from Maine are waited with considerable interest and anxiety by the managers on both sides.

THE Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gage, declared recently in an interview that Colonel Bryan, if he were elected President, could put the country practically on a free-silver basis without any direct legislation, by beginning to pay off "coin obligations" of the country in silver. He also declared that this would completely demoralize the business interests of the country. Mr. Carl Schurz, who this year is supporting Colonel Bryan because of the Anti-Imperialism issue, and who four years ago supported Mr. McKinley because of the free-silver issue, replied to Secretary Gage, endeavoring to point out that Mr. Gage was entirely wrong. He said that if Bryan were elected President, the Republicans would still control Congress until March 4 next, and in that time could pass legislation which would tie Mr. Bryan's hands, inasmuch as the National Senate would probably remain Republican and be for the gold standard in its political make-up. To this contention of Mr. Schurz, Secretary Gage has replied by saying that if Mr. Bryan were elected his supporters in Congress, in both Houses, would be justified in filibustering to prevent the passage of any such legislation as Mr. Schurz suggests, and they probably would do so under the direct request of Mr. Bryan and his party managers. He pointed out that Mr. Schurz, although supporting Mr. Bryan, was really relying upon Mr. McKinley and the Republicans in Congress for protection of the business interests against the party he is supporting. Mr. Gage in his letter to Mr. Schurz said,

"May I not suggest that the way to secure safety is not to take power from those upon whom you rely for protection and confer it upon those whose action you may have good reason to dread?"

Mr. Gage also pointed out that if the Democrats should carry the election this year it would be regarded as a mandate of the people, and the Republicans in Congress would not feel justified in "jamming through" legislation hostile to the expressed will of the people. Mr. Gage said the election of Colonel Bryan would be a positive menace to the business interests of the country, and that in calling attention to it he did not think that the business community had been "unnecessarily disquieted," as Mr. Schurz had asserted.

STILL another indication that the campaign has reached a stage of activity is the fact that numerous State conventions are being held and tickets are being placed in the field in various States preliminary to the hard work of the last six weeks of the battle. In New York State the Republicans have held their State convention and have nominated Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., for Governor, and have renominated Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff. The other

GOV. ROOSEVELT SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. BRYAN ON THE REVIEWING STAND AT THE LABOR-DAY PARADE, CHICAGO.

Photograph by R. E. Taylor. Copyright applied for.

State officers were renominated. The convention was characterized by every evidence of harmony. Former Governor Frank S. Black, who four years ago defeated Mr. Odell for the nomination for Governor, and who latterly has not been on good terms with Senator Platt and the party managers, made the nominating speech. Governor Roosevelt hurried back from Chicago to commend the work of the convention, and especially to see to it that the strong points of his own administration, notably the passage of the franchise tax law, were not ignored. It is well known that Mr. Odell really did not desire the nomination, and also that Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff really wished to become State chairman rather than accept the third nomination for the second office of importance on the State ticket. The wishes of Senator Platt prevailed, however, and the general sentiment of the party was that the strongest candidates had been named.

In Connecticut the Republicans also held their State convention and nominated George P. McLean for Governor. The canvass preliminary to the convention indicated that the sessions would be stormy, because the Bulkeley and the Fessenden factions were at swords' points. However, now that the convention is over, there are promises that the factional hostility will be forgotten and that the party will try to equal its majority for McKinley four years ago.

UP to this time in the campaign the Republicans have had practically a monopoly of "distinguished converts" in the party rivalry. Many men of note and of influence extending far beyond the borders of their own States have left the Democratic party and have declared themselves for McKinley. There have been almost no "distinguished converts" to leave the Republican party and go to Mr. Bryan. However, the tide seems to have turned a little.

Another convert to Bryan from the gold wing of the Democratic party is the Hon. William L. Wilson, President of Washington and Lee University, former Postmaster-General in Mr. Cleveland's second term, and the author and sponsor of the famous Wilson tariff bill. Mr. Wilson is in bad health, and sent a letter announcing his purpose to support Bryan to a meeting in Cumberland, Maryland, where Mr. Bryan spoke.

If it be true that Mr. Olney has gone over to the Bryan side, the accession of himself and Mr. Wilson to the free-silver wing of the party is an event of high importance in "distinguished convert" announcements. They have not left the Republican party, it is true, but they have done the next thing to it—left the Gold Democrats, the active allies in 1896 of the Republicans. The importance and influence of this accession somewhat overshadow the importance of the gain to the Republicans of General Palmer, the Gold Democratic candidate for President in 1896, who has come out for McKinley.

Another man whose declaration of support of Mr. Bryan has attracted some attention is Bishop Henry M. Turner, the negro leader of Atlanta. Bishop Turner has long been known in political parlance as a "sorehead." He has taken the treatment of his race very much to heart, and has been a determined supporter of so-called impracticable colonization schemes. He has not had a large following in the negro race, and his influence is not to be compared, for example, with that exercised by a man like Booker Washington.

Still another man to come out for Bryan openly, after much hinting and many mysterious shakes of his head, is United States Senator Wellington of Maryland, who appeared on the platform with Mr. Bryan on September 4 in Cumberland, Maryland, and announced his bitter hostility to President McKinley and his administration. Mr. Wellington insisted that he was still a Republican and had not become a Democrat, but under no conditions could he support William McKinley. The meeting was held in Mr. Wellington's home town, but he was hissed repeatedly during his speech, notwithstanding that fact. Mr. Wellington and the National Administration have not been friendly for fully two years, and the enmity on Mr. Wellington's part began when he felt that he had not received fair treatment in the distribution of party plums.

These accessions to Bryan from the Gold Democratic and Republican ranks are offset somewhat by an announcement made in the *North American Review* for September by the Hon. Melville E. Ingalls, president of the "Big Four" railroad system, and a Democrat of many years by natural tendencies and associations. Mr. Ingalls is really a Gold Democrat. As a business man he finds it absolutely impossible to support Colonel Bryan. In his article in the *North American Review* he says:

"The American farmer is selling for 37½ cents a bushel of corn which costs him 15 cents to produce. His wheat and cotton, his beef and pork, are selling at profitable prices. He is spending his money in luxuries and enjoying himself. The laborer is to-day receiving more wages than he ever received before, and he is receiving them in a currency that is good all over the world. The safety of the American republic is not menaced by a bogie crowned with an imperial diadem of straw. Now as in 1896 the real issue is in the silver danger. The coming test of the silver question at the polls must in all human probability be the final one. The American people do not like experiments with their currency, their school-houses, their churches, or their savings-banks."

A distinguished Democrat of Michigan, Judge William Newton, of Flint, who was elected Circuit Judge on the Democratic ticket in 1882, and who refused an appointment on the Supreme Court bench, has declared his intention of voting for McKinley. He says that Bryan is right on the silver question, but "everlastingly wrong" on the matter of expansion. Judge Newton regards the expansion issue as foremost, and for that reason will vote for McKinley.

THE national committee of the Populist party has issued an urgent appeal to all the members of the party to vote for Bryan and Stevenson. The address declares that although it has gone to other parties for its nominees it is "on the very eve of victory." There is some alarm among the Populists, especially in Nebraska and North Carolina, over the nomination of Stevenson for Vice-President, and there is said to be good reason to fear that Bryan may lose Nebraska because the out-and-out Populists object to the Stevenson nomination, and are inclined to support Barker and Donnelly, the nominees of the Middle-of-the-road Populists. National Chairman Hanna of the Republicans has gone West to take charge of the campaign in Chicago. The National Civil Service Reform Association has appealed to both Chairmen Jones and Hanna to prevent the levying of political assessments on government employees. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has published an article declaring that Chairman Jones is one of the twenty-six millionaires of Arkansas, and that he has acquired his great wealth in the last four years because he is the moving power in the round cotton bale trust.

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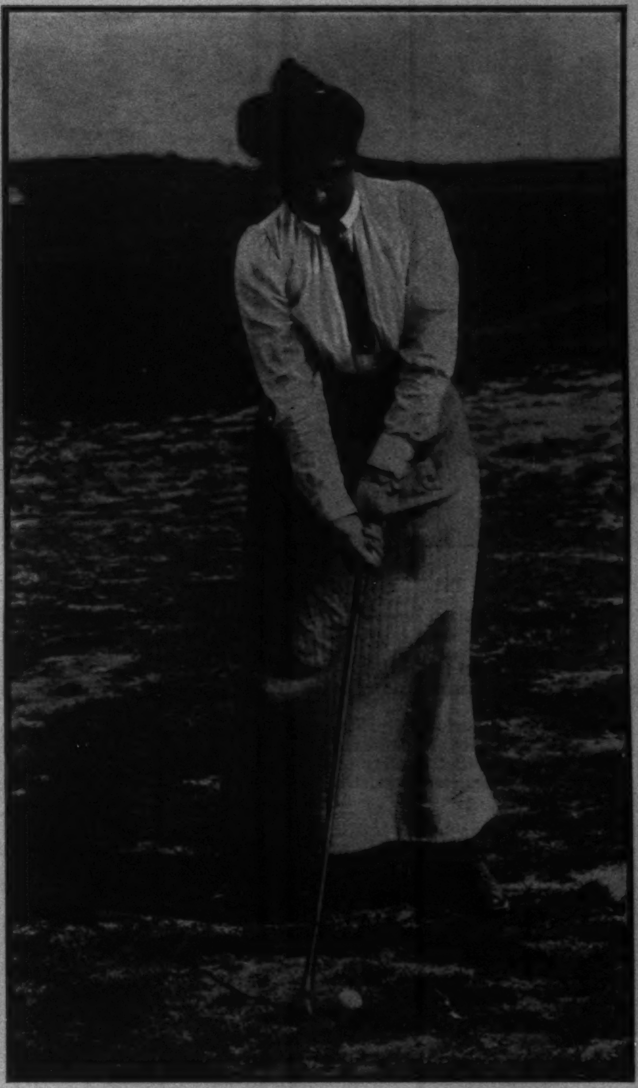


MISS FRANCES C. GRISCOM, CHAMPION 1900.

MISS MAXWELL,
Winner of Driving Contest.

MISS CURTIS DRIVING.

MISS GRISCOM IN A BUNKER.

FINISH OF THE HOYT-FOX MATCH.

WATCHING THE PUTTING CONTEST.

FIFTH ANNUAL WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES, SHINNECOCK HILLS GOLF CLUB, AUGUST 28—SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. XII.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

One day, near the Algerian Village, Rafe and Uncle Jeff saw an iceman unloading ice from an ice-cart into the street, when along came some wild Dahomeyans, who began inspecting it as if they had never seen anything of that sort before. "What do you s'pose they think it is, Uncle Jeff?" asked Rafe. "Oh," said Uncle Jeff, "I reckon they think it's a ton of 'lectricity he's deliverin' for the 'lectric-light plant!"

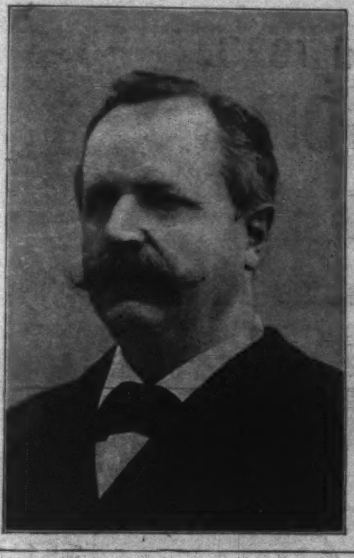
William Nicholson

IN times like the present, when the chief chroniclings of a weekly periodical have to do with disturbances both political and social, it is a pleasant task to record an incident wholly connected with a world at peace. For a year or two the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have been regaled with notes of warfare, with comments upon political issues, and with arguments in which the strenuous life that involves physical rather than intellectual progress have held a dominant part. To deviate for a moment from the prevailing note of the hour, and to speak of the coming to America of an artist who has made his mark in pursuits outside of the realm of Mars, who courts the Muses rather than the Furies, is a relief. We print upon this page a portrait of Mr. William Nicholson, who perhaps more than any other illustrator of his time has distinguished himself by the strength and vigor and originality of his brush. In a bygone day had Rowlandson, or Gilray, or Cruikshank, or Leech, or Du Maurier chosen to come among us, the world which is familiar with the work of these masters would have profited largely, because the horizon of the men whose names have become symbols of that which is fine and lasting and good would have been considerably widened. We have always regretted that the many and varied phases of life which are to be met with in this land of ours did not appeal sufficiently to the great illustrators of England to warrant them in making a visit to our shores, however brief that visit might have been. Du Maurier's picturings of American society would undoubtedly have proven of interest to all; Cruikshank's illustrations to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would have taken on a new and more vital quality had Cruikshank studied the characters of that book at close range; and John Leech, the master of humorous delineation of life, would have found here an inexhaustible field for the exercise of his wonderful gifts.

Equally strong with the illustrators named, in his especial line, is Mr. Nicholson, who is the first of the English picture-makers to make the journey across the seas, and it is a matter of particular satisfaction to the Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY that Mr. Nicholson has come here in behalf of this periodical. For three or four years past Mr. Nicholson's work has been, because of that quality of originality which has been characteristic of the best that has been produced in England, very much in demand by those who recognize the genius which dares to be itself, and which never imitates. There is many an American home in which Mr. Nicholson's simple but wonderfully true and wonderfully new and wonderfully convincing portraits of celebrities, from Queen to Soldier, and from Soldier to Painter, are hanging to-day. The precise appeal which his work makes is hard to define, but that the appeal is made is certain. When, for instance, the famous portrait of the Queen of England appeared, one felt that this was a courageous bit of realism for a Londoner; when Mr. Nicholson's portrait of Whistler appeared, one was inclined to think Mr. Nicholson was a caricaturist; but those who were familiar with the architectural beauties of the famous though expatriated American knew that, for the first time in his life, Mr. Whistler had been reduced to simple lines, and that in the portrait the man himself stood before them. And without taking any undue credit to ourselves, desiring only to felicitate the artist upon the wholly satisfactory quality of his work, we may add that Mr. Nicholson's portrait of Mr. McKinley, which appeared in this periodical at the time of the President's renomination, was the most distinctively original contribution to the world of portraiture that we have had in this country for many a day.

Like all men who strike a new and hitherto undreamed-of method of doing an old thing, Mr. Nicholson has met with a pronounced opposition, and a drastic sort of adverse criticism which might have put a quietus upon the ambition of a less determined man. That early discouragement did not affect his sense of that which was cut out for him to do is a matter upon which all who know what is good should congratulate themselves, and that at last the artist has secured the recognition to which his talents have entitled him reflects credit not only upon him, but on the discriminating taste of the great public.

Mr. Nicholson is to remain in this country for about three months, during which time he will study the lineaments of a selected number of distinguished Americans, including Governor Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Croker, and Senator Hanna, among our political luminaries; Mr. Edison, Joseph Jefferson, and others among our men of action outside of the political arena; with now and then some particular light whose portrait commands entrance into the series of the truly eminent. These efforts will be among the interesting features to be published in the WEEKLY during the coming months. They will be strictly American in their interest, and it is our confident expectation that they will meet with a reception commensurate to their merit.



ARTHUR SEWALL.
Born Nov. 8, 1835. Died Sept. 5, 1900.

Beautifying the City with Trees

THE movement to beautify New York residential districts with shade and ornamental trees has already born fruits, which were particularly emphasized by the exercises of Arbor day in the various public schools of Manhattan and the Bronx, and, though unpleasant comparisons of the shadeless streets of the metropolis with the tree-embowered thoroughfares of Boston, Buffalo, and other cities may still be made, the progress in recent years has been sufficient to cause some satisfaction. The Tree Planting Association has continually agitated the question of planting more trees, and, through its efforts, and the instructions for transplanting the trees so they will live issued by it, many streets are to-day clothed with the soft green of the maple, tulip, and horse-chestnut. The association was incorporated in 1896, with ex-Mayor Strong as its first president, and hundreds of trees have been planted under its auspices since its organization. Altogether over a thousand trees have been planted in the city through the instrumentality of the association, and private property-owners desiring to plant trees in front of their residences are furnished free with all the information and instruction necessary to make the work a success.

It is commonly said that Manhattan Island offers the greatest amount of unfavorable conditions for the growth of young trees of almost any American city, and sewer gases, electric-light wires, narrow streets, and a very unstable climate combine to make the life of trees decidedly uncertain. Nevertheless, the city boasts of some of the oldest shade trees in existence in this country, and they are notably fine as venerable relics of a time when Manhattan was the home of old Knickerbocker families. The old trees planted by Alexander Hamilton on Washington Heights are not the oldest in the city. The two old English yew-trees that stand in front of the Low Memorial Library of Columbia University, and were transplanted from the old college site in Fiftieth Street, were imported more than a century ago. Then there is a fine elm in front of the old Van Buren house, on Fourteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, in the very heart of the shopping district, which has been a landmark for upward of a century. The tree is one of the finest specimens of its kind in this part of the country, and its noble height and ample girth testify to the fact that trees can reach a venerable age even in the uncongenial climate and soil of New York.

There are other notable trees, of half a century or more, growing in Washington Square, and in the vicinity of the old-time fashionable district of St. John's Park. The movement to clothe the streets of the lower part of the city with trees is more difficult than that in the upper sections. Extensive improvements in the parks of the newer sections of Manhattan and the Bronx naturally stimulate private property-owners to co-operate with the public authorities in adding new shade trees to the streets and avenues. In the parks of the Bronx more than 12,000 trees and shrubs are to be planted, and along the gorge through which the Bronx River flows, an Alpine garden of some 2500 trees and plants of various countries will soon be set out. All these extensive improvements in tree and shrub planting serve to make private individuals ambitious to develop the arboreal resources of their streets.

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For the meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., to be held at Richmond, Va., September 17–22, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Richmond, from all stations on its line, at the rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold and good going September 14, 15, and 16, and will be good to return until September 25, inclusive.

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

THE prospect for renewed activity in business as the autumn season comes on is somewhat clouded by the opening of the political campaign after the hot and quiescent vacation period. While both sides profess the utmost confidence in the result, there are such elements of uncertainty in the situation that men who are concerned about the practical effect of the election are disposed to hesitate. There have been a considerable reaction and quieting down from the industrial and commercial activity of last year, which extended well into the spring of this year, and the process of recovery is apt to be slow if not painful, and it is upon this process that the uncertainties of the political situation weigh somewhat heavily—enough at least to hinder and delay. This might not be the case if it were not for the financial issue which has been forced to the front again by the insistence of the Democratic platform and Presidential candidate in threatening to overthrow the gold standard if a chance be given. Few believe that it could be done, and many doubt whether it would be attempted, but no believer in the vast importance of maintaining the sound financial policy which the present administration has established can dare to intrust its maintenance to its avowed opponents. The mere dread of what they might do, even by sheer blundering, would have a paralyzing effect upon the vastly extended system of credit upon which the business interests of the country depend. On the other issues of the campaign, so far as they have any practical bearing, there is no such difference between the parties as to give them serious consequence in comparison with this.

Apart from this political cloud, the omens ought, on the whole, to be regarded as favorable to a resumption of the career of prosperity, which has been checked since last spring, but at a more moderate and steady and therefore a safer pace. The period of alarming crop reports is well past, and, while the supplies of wheat and corn will not equal those of the last year or two, and that of cotton will not be materially increased from last year, the volume for export will still be large, and prices promise to be better than before. Present estimates of the cotton crop put it at about 9,500,000 bales, and supplies now on hand are unusually small. There is a good deal of concern in the Lancashire district over the prospect of still higher prices and difficulty in getting sufficient material.

The situation in the iron and steel industries has not become settled yet. There have been reports of further curtailment of production and concession in prices at some points, and of symptoms of recovery at others. The only product that has been kept up is steel rails, and the result has been an almost complete stoppage of the demand, and, incidentally, a refusal of the railroads to modify the rates for transportation from Pittsburg to the seaboard to facilitate the export of steel and iron. Among the current reports is one that the American Steel and Wire Company, which was the first to proclaim that the business was overdone last spring, is to branch out into structural steel manufacturing, investing $3,000,000 in a new plant at Waukegan, Illinois. Some of the Cleveland mills of the same company, which were closed from June 1, have resumed work. The indications are that the furnaces, foundries, and rolling-mills will be gradually getting into operation during the autumn on something like the former scale, but on a lower level of profits.

Among the latest reports of preparations for supplying Europe with coal is one to the effect that a syndicate which has been buying up large stretches of coal land is going to have a fleet of sailing-vessels specially built for the traffic to avoid the heavy cost of ocean transportation by steamers. Just at this time the workmen in the anthracite region, incited by an association of bituminous coal miners, have been demanding higher wages and better conditions under a threat of a strike involving over 140,000 men, and the demand has been definitely refused.

There has been no notable change in the money or stock markets either at home or abroad, the general condition in stocks being one of continued dulness everywhere. Bank clearings for August, in this country, were the lightest in many months, though the falling off was chiefly in the money centres of the East. In fact, there was a slight increase in the rest of the country, except the South, in comparison with last year. The demand upon New York for funds to start the moving of crops has scarcely been felt yet, almost the only indication being a transfer of $130,000 to New Orleans to start the cotton movement.

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